MAY FLOWERS.

SHIELD SHAPE HANGING PINCUSHION.

Capewell & Kimmel Sc

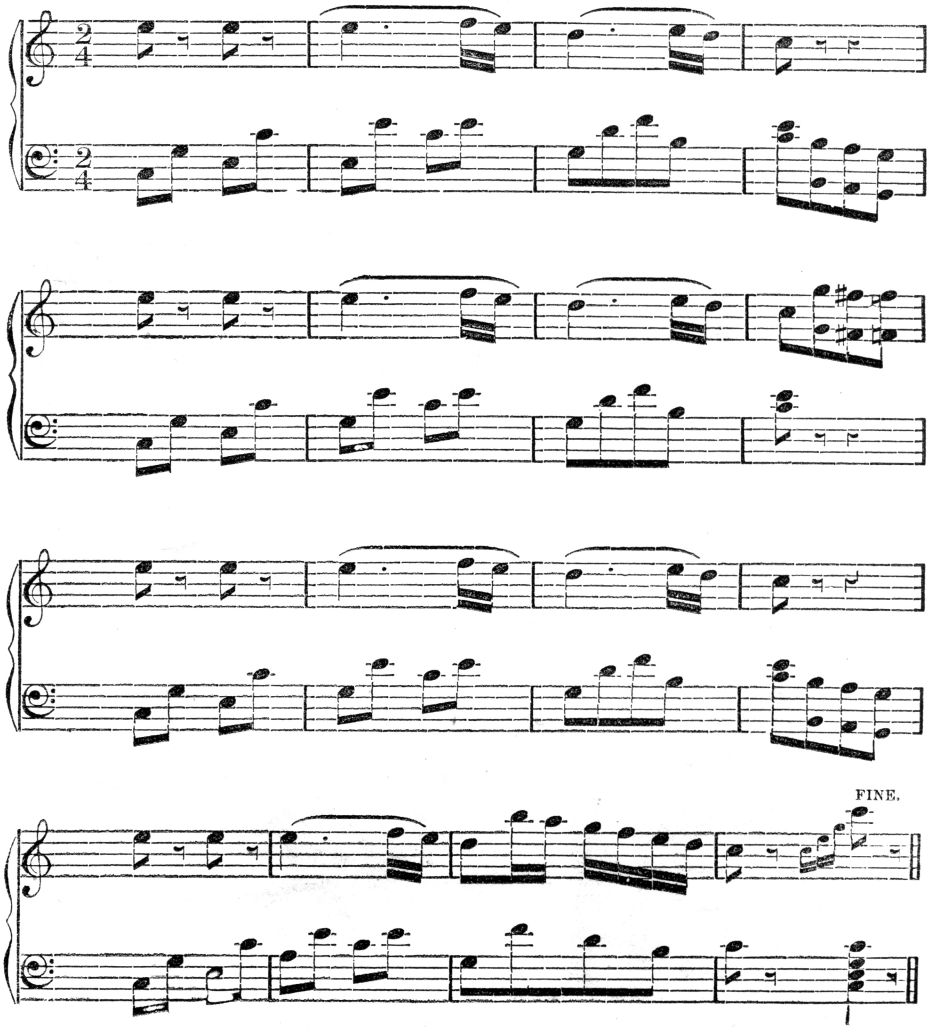
GODEY'S FASHIONS.

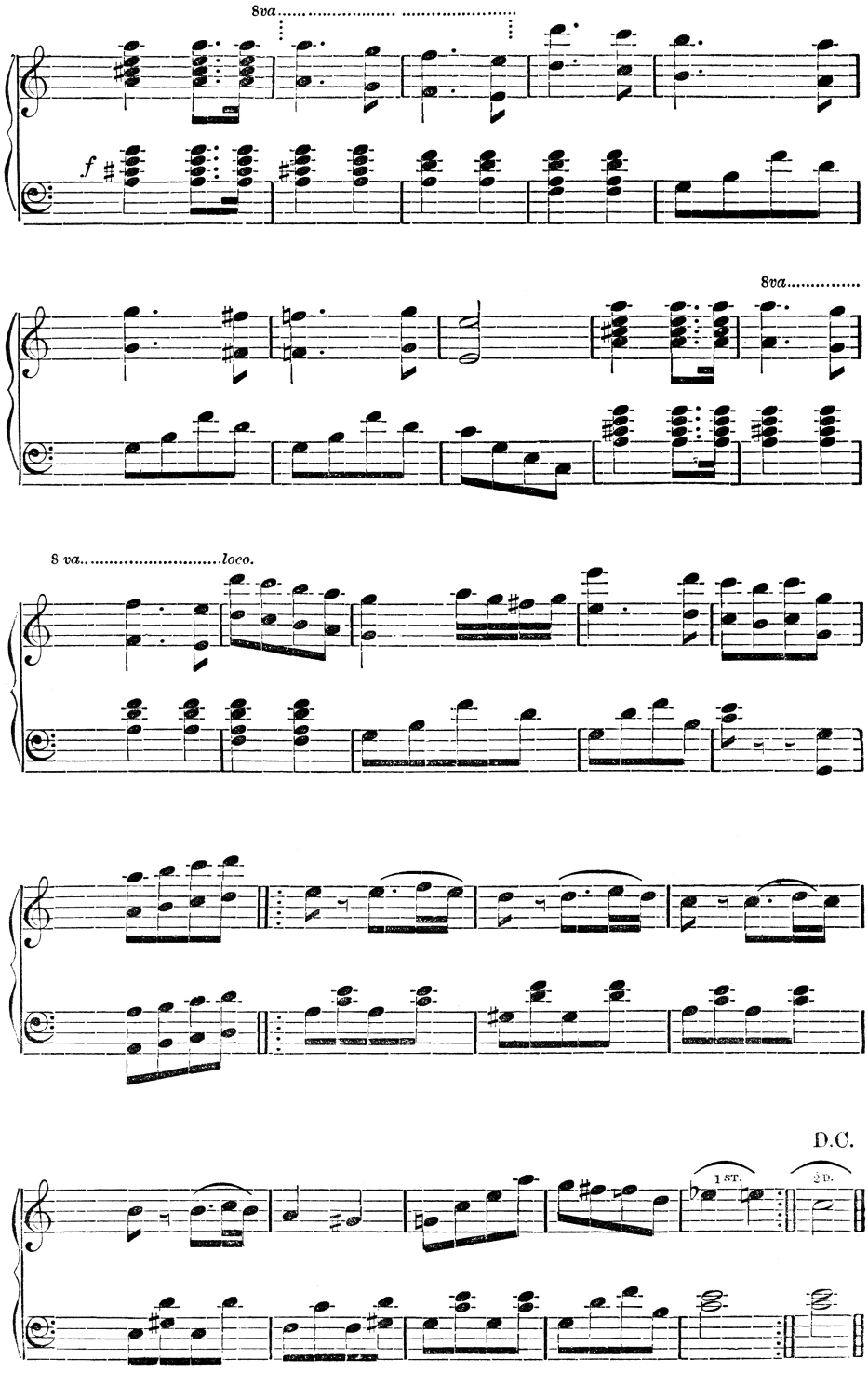
CUPID, AUCTIONEER.

Impromptu.

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

By D. W. MILLER.




8va
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One of the new spring wraps, made of cuir-colored cloth, bound with black silk, and braided with black braid. The hood is lined with black silk, and trimmed with fancy gimp ornaments.

THE SPAHI.

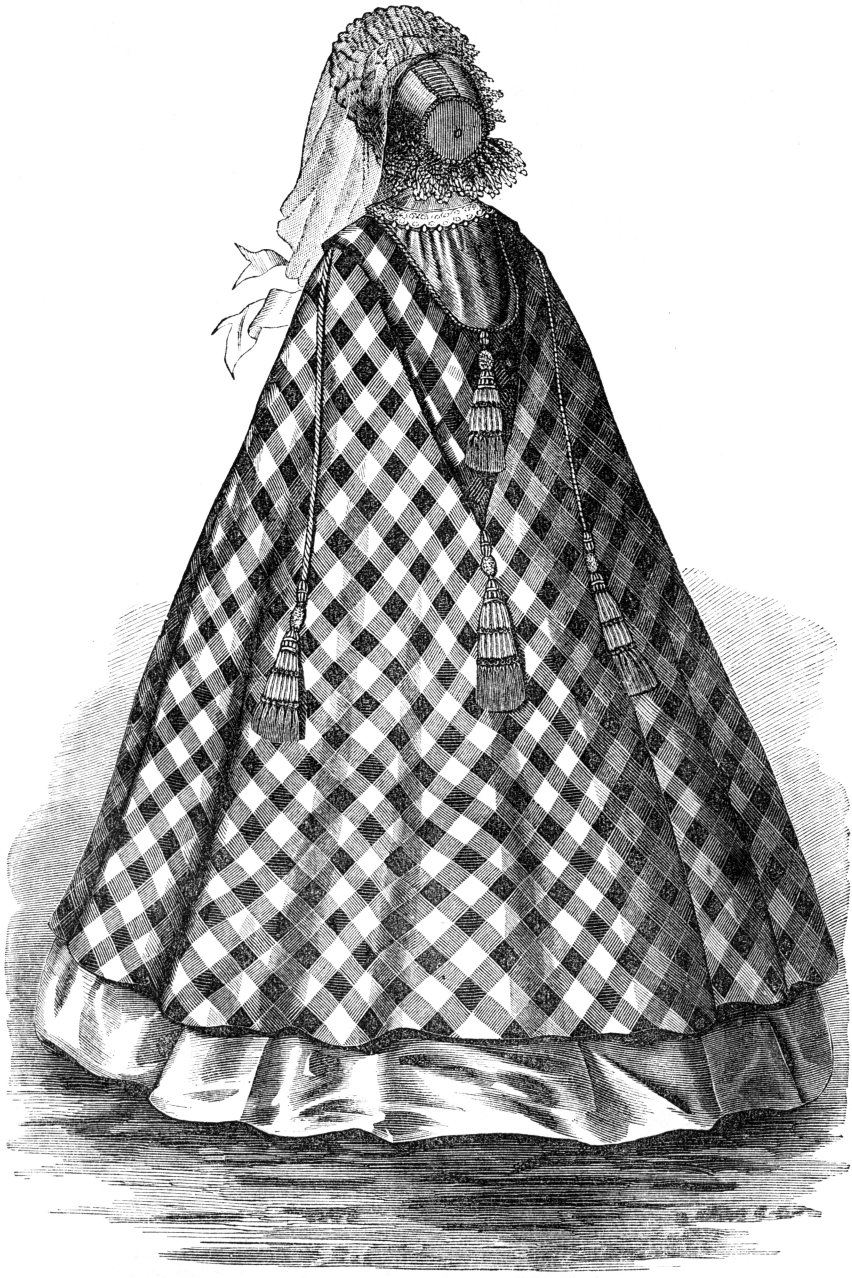
Spring wrap, made of very rich black silk, and trimmed with a deep twisted chenille fringe. The bonnet is composed of black Neapolitan and white silk figured with chenille.

SPRING WALKING SUIT.

Buff *piqué*, with a braiding design stamped in black, on skirt, waist, sleeve, and sacque.

THE HISPANIA.

[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]



We must call attention to the peculiarity of the hood, in that it opens, making the capuchon a hollow bag. It does not lie flat to the back as formerly.

The plaid in the illustration was drawn from one which was rather small, and we ought therefore to state that very large plaids are now the favorite mode, almost double the size of these checks. The cords and tassels are exquisitely designed, but their illustration is upon too small a scale to exhibit their beauty to advantage. The colors are made to match the plaid; their form and effect is the very poetry of pendants.

SPRING BONNETS.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 1.—Bonnet of drawn cuir-colored *crêpe*, trimmed on the front with a fanchon of white lace, loops of green ribbon, and Scotch feathers. The inside trimming is of bright flowers, of the Scotch colors. The cape is covered with a fall of white blonde.

Fig. 2.—Spring hat of white straw, trimmed with green and blue velvet, and one green and one blue plume. The brim is lined with green velvet.

Fig. 3.—Violet *crêpe* bonnet, trimmed on the front with a black lace insertion. The cape is covered by a rich white blonde, headed by a black lace. On top of the bonnet is a light violet feather, and a pompon of spun glass. The inside trimming is of black and white lace, mixed with scarlet berries and fancy grasses. A black lace barbe is tied in with the violet strings.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

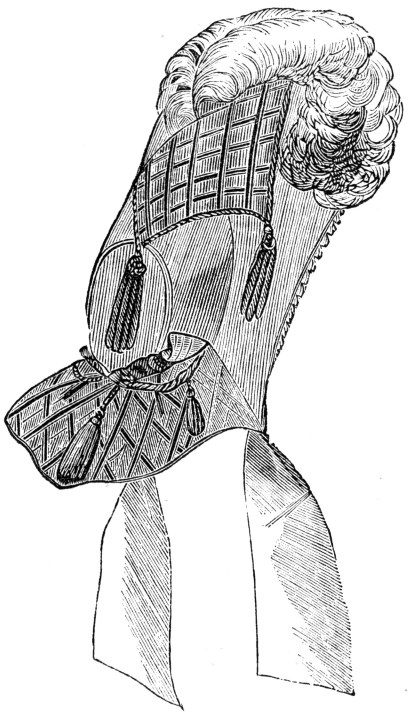


Fig. 6.

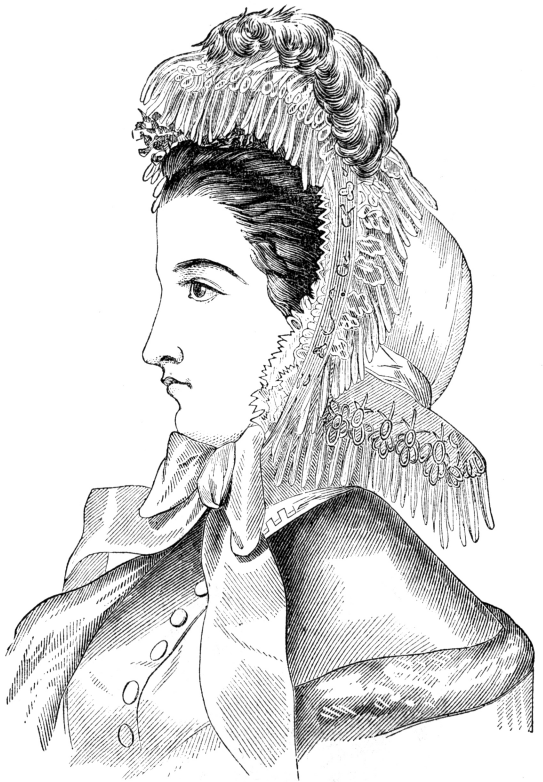


Fig. 4.—This bonnet has a front of drawn green silk. The graceful soft crown is of white silk. The trimming consists of a tuft of meadow grass and field flowers, also loops of white silk placed directly over the crown. The inside trimming is of white and black lace and field flowers.

Fig. 5.—Spring bonnet of white *crêpe*, trimmed with a fanchon of bright plaid velvet and chenille tassels. The cape is of plaid velvet, ornamented by chenille cord and tassels. A long white plume curls over the front of the bonnet. The inside trimming is composed of Scotch thistles and heather.

Fig. 6.—White *crêpe* bonnet, made over white silk A straw guipure lace falls over the face, and trims the outside of the bonnet. A straw colored feather is laid gracefully over the front of the bonnet. The inside trimming is of scarlet pomegranates and white blonde lace.

Fig. 1.

HEADDRESSES.

Fig. 1.—Coiffure for a married lady. The front hair is in double rolls, and the back in three long double loops. The headdress is of point lace, roses, and fancy flowers.

Fig. 2.—Headdress of corn flowers and wheat-ears, arranged in three bouquets. The hair rolled off the face on top of head on cushions; at the side, on puffs. The back hair arranged in waterfall style.

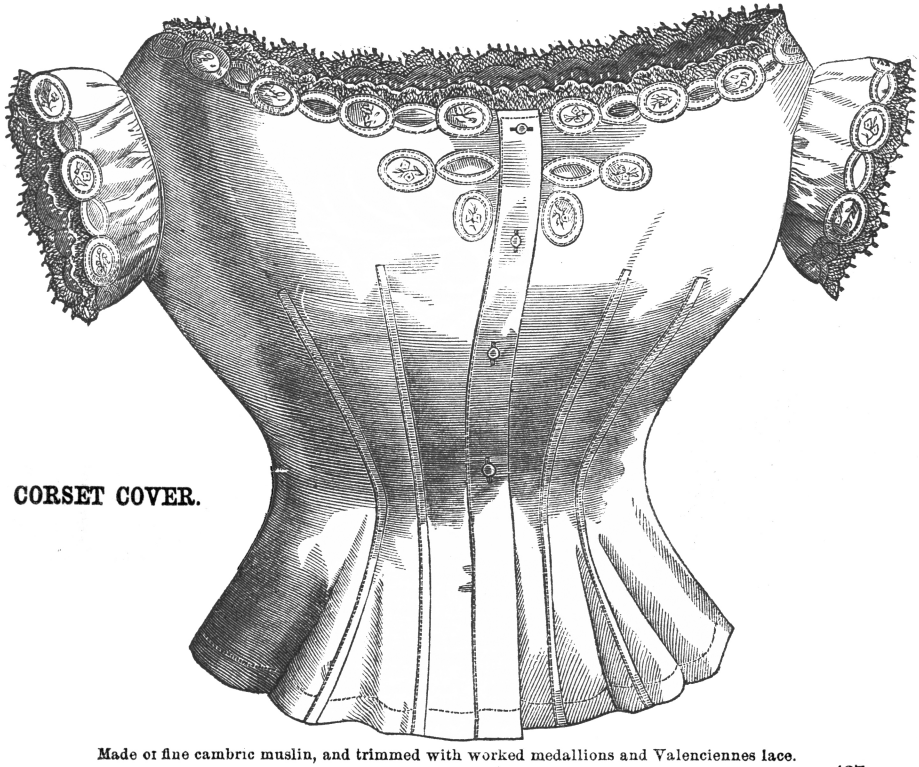
Fig. 2.

WALKING-DRESS

FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

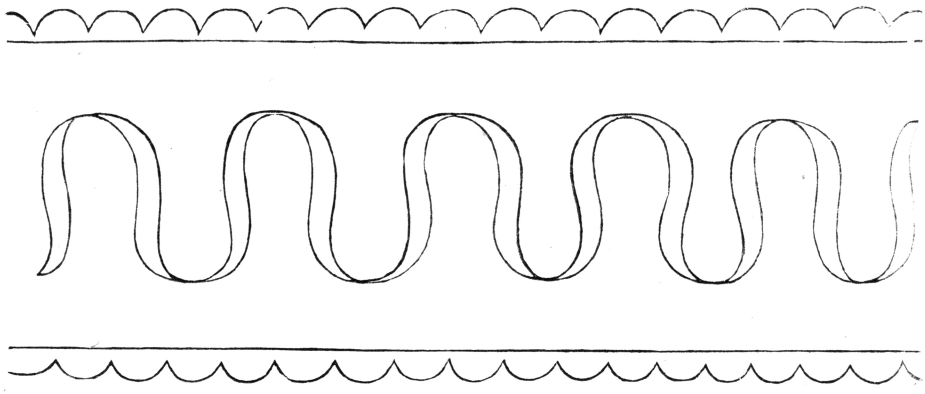
Smoke-colored poplin skirt, with four bands of imperial blue silk arranged on the front of the skirt. Each band is embroidered on the end, and finished with a quilled ribbon. The corsage is made with jacket and vest. The latter is of imperial blue silk, and the jacket of poplin, like the skirt, trimmed with blue ribbon and silk.

CORSET COVER.

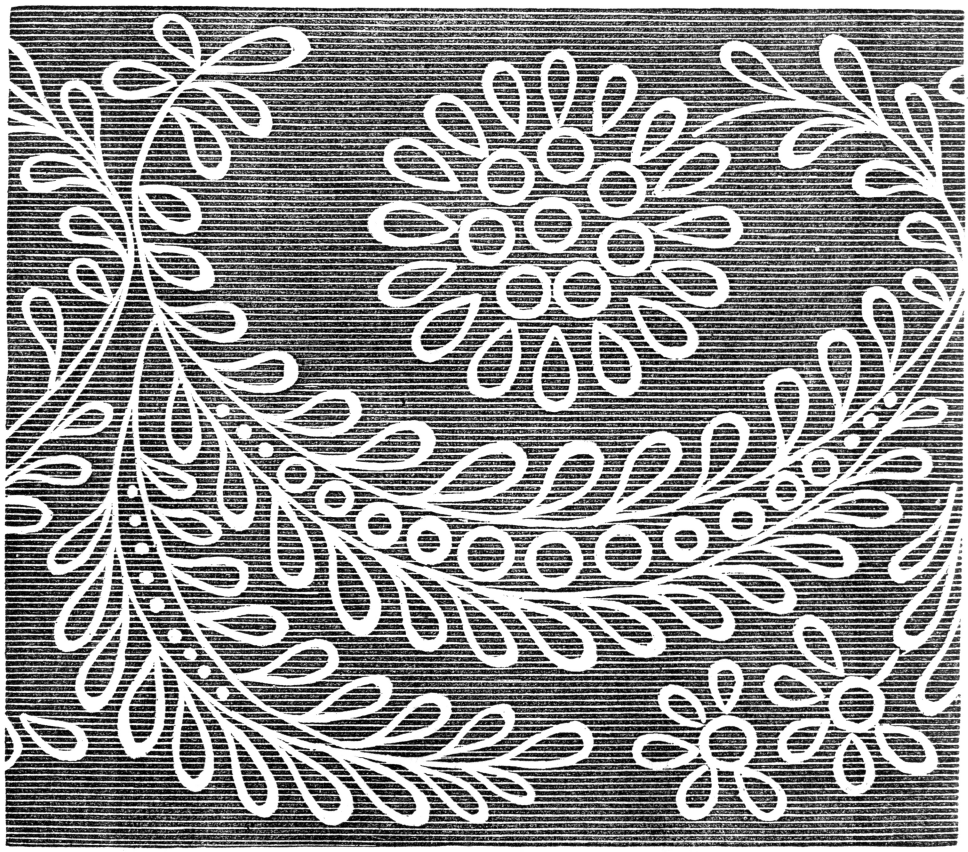


Made of fine cambric muslin, and trimmed with worked medallions and Valenciennes lace.

BRAIDING PATTERN.



LADY'S DRESS IN EMBROIDERY.



The material of the dress is a thin cambric muslin, and the pattern is intended to be carried round the bottom of the skirt just above the hem. In this way the large flower will be at the lower part of the pattern nearest to the hem. Some ladies who have leisure and inclination for this sort of work will carry the pattern up each side of the front in the tablier style, and in this case the pattern from the bottom of the skirt to the waist will ascend, the flowers hanging down; but if this arrangement is adopted, the pattern must be reversed from the middle of the skirt behind, having been traced on the contrary side of the paper. The stalks of the flower-branch are sewn over, and in the middle part, between the double lines, the rounds are worked as holes of graduated sizes. The centre of the large flower is in cut-out holes, and all the leaves are in the cut-out embroidery; the smaller flowers being worked to match. We think that this design would give great satisfaction carried round the skirt of a young child's dress, and two rows with a tuck between would greatly add to its richness.

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1864.

"NOBODY TO BLAME."

BY MARION HARLAND.

(Continued from page 344.)

CHAPTER IX.

ONE fine morning, two months subsequent to the events narrated in the last chapter, John Cleveland stood on the corner of the block in which was situated his boarding-house, watching the approach of a street-car. He was arrested in the act of signalizing the driver, by a hand upon his arm.

"Good-morning, Mr. Lawrence!" he said, recognizing the gentleman who had taken this liberty with his movements. "Are you going down town?"

"Yes; but will you let that man drive on, and walk a short distance with me? I have something to say to you."

John consented, and the two started down the street side by side. Mr. Lawrence was a junior member of a large importing house, a man whose gentlemanly bearing and kind heart won for him general esteem. Cleveland had known him well—almost intimately, for many years, and various acts of courtesy and liberality in their business intercourse had given each a high opinion of the other's probity and good-will. John was not surprised, therefore, when his companion assumed a confidential tone in broaching the theme of the proposed conversation.

A very painful, a truly distressing circumstance had come to light in their establishment, within a day or two past, he stated. Some weeks since, suspicions that all was not right was awakened, and a secret investigation was set on foot. The result left no doubt in the minds of the firm that large sums had been embezzled from time to time, and false entries made to conceal the theft. The guilty party was one to whom they were personally much attached; a young man trained by themselves, and heretofore trusted to the utmost limit of confidence.

"You must have seen him in our inner office," said Mr. Lawrence, dropping his voice and looking carefully over his shoulder to make sure that he was safe in mentioning names. "Our chief book-keeper, Lorraine."

"Is it possible!" ejaculated the listener. "I know him—that is, I have seen him, but not in your office, I think."

"A handsome, sprightly fellow!" said Mr. Lawrence. "Our Mr. Lawrence, Senior, my worthy uncle, feels an especial fondness for him, Lorraine having been the particular friend of his only son, a fine lad, who died some years ago. The other clerks have manifested a disposition to grumble at Lorraine's rapid promotion, and I have myself once or twice intimated to my uncle that his partiality was perhaps too obvious. But it did honor to his heart, if not to his head. This unworthy conduct on the part of his *protegé* is a sore trial to the old gentleman. I think the ingratitude that characterizes it is the sting that pierces most sharply."

"It is most base, inexcusable!" remarked John. "Is he aware that his crime is discovered?"

"He suspects that some part of it is known, if he has not learned, by some means, of the search and its result. My uncle left a note upon his desk yesterday afternoon, asking for a private interview in his office this morning, a measure of questionable expediency in my opinion, since, if he is as well informed with regard to our discoveries as I apprehend, he may abscond without meeting us."

"Is it your purpose to expose him?"

"Yes—and no! We cannot, in justice to ourselves and others who might employ him in the same capacity he occupies in our establishment, conceal the fact that his own wrong-doing is the cause of his discharge. But we will not prosecute him, or make public the precise nature of his offence. I am thus frank with you, Mr. Cleveland, because I feel, so to speak, the need of a sympathizing listener and adviser. Moreover, you will doubtless hear many false versions of this unpleasant affair, and we wish that a few discreet friends should know the truth in full, that reports reflecting upon ourselves may be contradicted."

John thanked him for the confidence with which he had honored him, and expressed sincere sorrow for what had occurred. It would have been affectation to say that the revelation of Lorraine's villany was as startling to him as to the firm that employed the defaulter, yet he had not expected to hear it so soon. Marian had repeated to her husband and his partner her father's strictures upon the fast young dandy, and Mr. Ainslie had heard hints from other quarters that corroborated the dark sketch. John's personal prejudice against Lorraine was so strong, that a native sense of justice withheld him from passing judgment upon him, even in his own mind, until Mr. Lawrence's disclosure left no room for charitable hesitation.

Mr. Ainslie was already at his desk when his partner entered, and received a pleasant rejoinder to his salutation.

"All well?" asked John, as he seated himself in his office-chair.

The oddity of this question, repeated each morning, seemed never to strike either of them. It was presumed to refer to the Ainslie household proper, which was, in Mr. Ainslie's absence, represented by his wife alone, unless, by a forced interpretation, the servants were included under the friendly inquiry. Will answered as gravely as though he were the patriarch of a numerous flock.

"All well, thank you! at least, all who are at home. Maggie went yesterday to spend a week with Miss Dupont."

"Ah!" and there the conversation stopped.

It was hard work to settle to business this forenoon. John's relations with Maggie were becoming daily more ambiguous. Once, since his formal avowal of attachment to her, he had spoken plainly and warmly of the same, and expressed a wish for her reply. He had taken her hand, and not been repulsed; called her by endearing names, and she had not shrunk from him. But she was overpowered by confusion, mastered by an apparent strife of emotions, and he could not get a single glimpse of the ingenuous countenance that would, he fancied, have told him what he had to hope or fear. Her broken sentences conveyed some acknowledgment of his "goodness" and "generous, undeserved affection," and promised soon, very soon, to end his suspense. At this interesting juncture, the pattering footfall of the invariable marplot, Tiny, was heard approaching, and Maggie darted out of the room by the nearest door.

John was a patient lover, not, as Miss Dupont affirmed, through lukewarmness, but because the very depth of his love instructed him in self-denial. He was one of the very small number of men in this hurrying age of *quid pro quo*, who could fully enter into the meaning of those significant and beautiful words—"And Jacob served seven years for Rachel, and *they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had for her.*"

Latterly, there had stolen into this waiting forebodings that left long shadows upon the heart, although they did not cloud the cheerful face. He disapproved utterly of Maggie's infatuated fondness for Marie Dupont's society. Mrs. Ainslie, with all her expressed distrust of the "French clique," as she styled them, did not observe the effect of this companionship upon her sister as did John's vigilant eye. She was changed from the bright, happy child he had learned to love. Her spirits were high whenever he met her—apparently exuberant; but her cheeks were oftener flushed than blooming; a deep, burning hue, hard in outline and fixed in its place, instead of the quick, changing carmine that used to

fluctuate with every breath. The Misses Boylan were very gay this season, and Maggie plunged into the stream of frolic and frivolity with the desperate mirth of a *blasè* or disappointed votary of pleasure, who seeks excitement to drown thought, rather than the innocent glee of an unsatiated novice. "Those Duponts are doing their utmost to make her as artificial as themselves," Marian said, resentfully, and her husband "wondered why John did not show himself the resolute, sensible fellow he was, and end all this nonsense." It was not that John was blind to any of these growing evils. They all passed in review before him now, as he tried to read and answer letters, to overlook invoices and issue orders. He began to ask himself if patience had not had her perfect work, if it were not for Maggie's good, as well as his happiness, to insist upon having his position defined, not only to himself, but to the mischievous cabal that were striving to mar the pure simplicity of the character he so admired. This sober train of ideas was broken by the entrance of the companion of his morning's walk.

His face wore a look of perplexed concern, and, drawing John aside, he stated that the delinquent clerk had failed to keep the appointment made for him by the senior Lawrence. That this was not accidental, was proved by the fact that the letter, which had been placed upon his desk, was no longer there. Cautious inquiries were then instituted concerning him among his fellow-employees, and two items of information gained. The porter who swept out the store early in the morning testified to having seen Mr. Lorraine enter the counting-room, shortly after the doors were opened, but he had not thought of watching his movements, and did not notice when he went out. Another clerk stated that, having gone with a friend to the depot of the Hudson River Railroad, at eight o'clock, he had seen Lorraine there, and heard him ask for a ticket to —— station. It occurred to him, he said, that Lorraine looked uneasy, as he bade him "good-morning," in passing, although he gave the circumstance no further thought at the time.

"My object in troubling you with this visit, Mr. Cleveland," said Mr. Lawrence, "is to inquire of you or of Mr. Ainslie, whether you can furnish us with any clue to this unhappy young man's hiding-place. Mr. Ainslie lives so near the station named, that he may be familiar with Lorraine's haunts in that neighborhood. I know that he is in the habit of visiting much up the river, and have heard rumors of his engagement to some lady residing in or near ——. Can you aid us by any suggestions on this head?"

"I believe that I am acquainted with the lady in question," replied John. "But before I accede to your request for suggestions, allow me to inquire how you propose to act in the event of your procuring certain tidings of his whereabouts?"

"I shall seek him in person, perhaps in company with a friend, taking along a private policeman, whose duty it will be to arrest Lorraine, if he cannot be brought away by peaceable measures. If he is disposed to be reasonable, we will try to elicit a confession that may enable us to find out his accomplices, if he has any, and possibly lead to the recovery of some of the stolen money. My uncle cannot be persuaded that a moral lecture will not be beneficial, but my faith in this means of reformation is very weak. Is my explanation satisfactory?"

"Entirely. I can, I think, direct you to the refuge of the runaway. I would ask one favor in return. If you have not selected your companion in this expedition, let me go with you."

"The very thing I was about to ask of you!" said Mr. Lawrence, grasping his hand. "And we have no time to lose."

In most circumstances, this task of hunting out a fugitive from justice would have been the last office John would have accepted, much less solicited. He foresaw, for himself, the lasting hatred of Lorraine; the scorn and enmity of the Duponts; the calumnies that would be disseminated in gossiping circles, to explain his share in this transaction, and he was not a man who valued his reputation lightly, or underrated the power of evil rumors to tarnish the fairest name. But, opposed to all these dissuasives from the step he proposed, stood the image of Maggie, frightened and trembling at the violent or mournful scenes that might attend the capture of the dishonest clerk. She could not but be horrified beyond degree by the accusation brought against Marie's betrothed, and she had not Marie's hardihood to bear her up under the shock of the discovery and the arrest. At such a moment, she ought to have a protector—a comforter—and he, of all

those who loved her, was the only one who could thus serve her. From the moment Mr. Lawrence had mentioned the name upon Lorraine's ticket, John's resolution was taken. If Mrs. Dupont's house were entered on this errand, he would be one of the party, or their forerunner.

The two gentlemen alighted at the wayside station nearest the suspected mansion, about eleven o'clock. The villa stood upon high ground, nearly a mile back of the river, and was approached by a winding road. The policeman, who was dressed in plain clothes, so as not to attract attention, stepped from another car than that which his employer had quitted, and stopped at the little depot while the others walked on. He overtook them at a point where an angle of the road concealed the house from their view.

"All right so far!" he said. "He got off here and went straight up—" nodding in the direction of the dwelling. "Walk on pretty briskly, if you please, gentlemen. If he sees us coming, he may be off. I wish those front windows did not rake the whole country. If they are on the look-out, they will have plenty of time to disguise him into a Sambo or a grandmother, if he doesn't care to risk giving leg-bail. I see there is a sort of porter's lodge at the gate. I shall wait there. If you want me, just wave a handkerchief in that direction, and I am on hand."

"This must be a beautiful place in summer," remarked Mr. Lawrence, as they neared the grounds.

He was growing nervous in the anticipation of the task before him, and his companion shared the feeling too much to reply, except by a nod. There was no one visible at the pretty lodge, nor any sign of human life about the lawn or buildings. The villa was spacious and handsome, with a Grecian front, and the lawn sloped from it on all sides. The shrubbery was tied up in matting, and the grass covered with a sort of compost of leaves and straw, to protect it from the biting river winds. John noticed all these things mechanically while he passed up the avenue, and as he stood upon the piazza, awaiting the response to Mr. Lawrence's ring. They were not detained long. A middle-aged servant in livery, the "Thomas" whom Lorraine had personated on Cleveland's birth-night, unclosed the door, and returning a grave affirmative to the inquiry whether the ladies were at home, ushered the gentlemen into the parlor.

CHAPTER X.

Mrs. Dupont, a showy, well-dressed woman, arose at the visitors' entrance, with an air of unsuspecting politeness that was an inimitable counterfeit if it were acting.

"Mr. Cleveland!" she said, "I am happy to see you!"

John took her offered hand in some embarrassment, and introduced his friend to her, then to Marie and Maggie, who were also present. The young ladies were seated at a centre-table strewed with worsted and other materials for embroidery. Both wore simple *negligés*, and there was nothing in their surroundings and occupation indicative of any previous interruption of their morning's quiet or industry. It was an awkward, and an ungracious undertaking to bring forward the object of their call. Mr. Lawrence felt very much as if he were insulting the courteous hostess, as he made a desperate attempt to open the negotiations.

"I fear, madam, that you will consider this an unwarrantable intrusion of a stranger upon your family circle, nor can I hope that you will regard it in a more favorable light, when you learn the very unpleasant business that has brought me hither."

Mrs. Dupont's features expressed bland surprise; Marie looked up inquiringly; while Maggie paled suddenly, and her shaking fingers could hardly hold, much less guide, her needle. John noted these signs of perturbation, and said, inwardly—

"He is here! She lacks the effrontery that enables the others to dissemble successfully."

"I beg your indulgence, ladies," Mr. Lawrence went on, "if I put questions that may seem to you impertinent, and insist, more earnestly than politely, upon your replies. You are acquainted, I believe, madam, with Mr. Lorraine, lately a book-keeper in our house—the firm of Lawrence & Co.?"

"I am, sir," answered Mrs. Dupont, calmly.

"We have reason to believe that he has wilfully absented himself from our establishment this forenoon, to avoid an investigation which we feel ourselves bound to make of some unpleasant business occurrences that

have recently come to our knowledge. Although he may think differently, it is to his interest to grant us an interview. May I inquire, madam, where you last saw this gentleman?"

"I can have no objection to telling you, sir. Mr. Lorraine breakfasted with us this morning."

"Is he in the house at present?"

"He is not."

"Will you inform me at what time he left you?"

"His intention, as he bade us 'good-by,' was to take the nine o'clock train back to New York."

"The nine o'clock train, did you say, madam?"

"I did, sir."

Here was a flaw in the testimony so smoothly given. Mr. Lawrence was shrewd to detect it, and quick to conclude that the suave lady might be capable of further falsification.

"I regret, madam, that I must be so rude as to correct this statement. We have certain evidence that Mr. Lorraine did not leave the city until eight o'clock. You see, at once, that he could not, then, have breakfasted here in season to return by nine."

The widow's rouge was variegated by streaks of natural red, and her eye fell for a second. Marie came to the rescue.

"I could have rectified my mother's mistake as soon as it was made, sir, had you allowed me an opportunity to speak. Mamma, Mr. Lorraine did not leave this house until half-past nine. We are not accustomed to cross-examination in this law-abiding, peaceful neighborhood, Mr. Lawrence, or we might be more exact in noting the precise hour at which our friends come and depart. Had we supposed that Mr. Lorraine's visit was a matter of such vital consequence to others than ourselves, we would have been ready with our depositions. For my part, I cannot even remember whether he drank one, or two cups of coffee, or ate biscuits instead of cakes."

This scoffing tone was just what John had looked for from her, and Mr. Lawrence bore it the more patiently, in the recollection of Miss Dupont's relation to the concealed culprit. This impulse of compassionate forbearance induced him to turn to another, and, as he supposed, a less interested party.

"Miss Boylan!"

Maggie started convulsively, and her face grew, if possible, of a more ghastly white.

"What is your impression as to the hour of Mr. Lorraine's deserting such pleasant society as this? Was it nine, or half-past, or—" bending a searching gaze upon her—"do you recollect that he left at all?"

Twice Maggie's quivering lips essayed to utter the falsehood she had been instructed to speak. The third time, she almost whispered, "He did go! I do not know when."

"You are certain, then, that he is not on these premises at this time?" pursued Mr. Lawrence, his eye growing more penetrating.

"Your question is an insult, sir!" interposed Marie, with the evident design of covering Maggie's confusion by timely bluster.

"Excuse me, Miss Dupont, but I must have the information I seek from some source. It is better for your friend, Mr. Lorraine, to fall into my hands than into those of the law he has violated. I know that he came to this place at the hour I have named, and that he has not since appeared at the depot below. This is plain, harsh truth; but it *is* truth, and must be told. It is of the last importance to Mr. Lorraine, and to those connected with him, that I should find him. If he is concealed in the house—"

"Sir!" Mrs. Dupont arose in awful dignity and stretched her hand towards the bell-knob.

"Before you summon your servants, madam, I deem it but just to inform you that a signal from me will bring an actor upon the scene whom you cannot eject with impunity. There is a policeman within call."

Maggie uttered a faint scream, and dropped her head upon the table. John could not bear this. He went around to her, and stooping, whispered some words intended to reassure her.

"Do not be frightened, dearest Maggie; unworthy as the fellow is, he will not be punished very severely. Do not let your sympathy with Miss Dupont lead you to imitate her in deception. Be yourself. Speak the truth!"

"I cannot! I cannot!" she moaned, in stifled accents. Oh! if I had never lived to see this day!"

"Hush! hush, my darling!" John's hand sought hers under the table. "This disagreeable affair cannot hurt you. Trust me

to see that your name is never mixed up in it."

During this by-play, Marie and her mother held a council on the opposite side of the room. Its decision was announced by Mrs. Dupont, who had recovered her self-assured manner.

"The shortest, and, as it seems to me, the only satisfactory manner of settling this dispute, sir, is to summon your policeman and instruct him to search the premises. Our solemn assurances having been inadequate to convince you that we are not harboring the person you seek, it remains to be proved what can be discovered by other means. Only, sir, remember that if this examination is as ineffectual as the other, the consequences of your behavior on this occasion will fall upon yourself."

Mr. Lawrence deliberated for a moment—then saying, "I am willing to abide them!" stepped to the door and waved his handkerchief.

The policeman received his orders in the hall, Mr. Lawrence returning to the parlor when he had given them. A dead silence reigned in the apartment. Mrs. Dupont sat in lofty hauteur, her black eyes fixed upon vacancy. Marie resumed her work, ignoring the presence of the gentlemen, only a nervous twitching of the swift fingers evidencing her secret disquiet. Mr. Lawrence stood at a window overlooking the river. Mr. Cleveland watched Maggie, in anxious pity. She remained still as a marble statue, her head bowed upon the table, her fingers interlocked upon her lap.

We have heard of men, who, in the death hour, lamented over the wayward thoughts that wandered from the dread issue pending upon the few, brief remaining minutes of time, to trivialities totally dissociated from the scene and hour. We have felt our own mind, at the actual instant of life's sorest bereavement, turning aside, as in sheer inability or perverse unwillingness to receive the terrible consciousness of present woe, to remark such paltry objects as the wry fold of a curtain; a medicine stain upon the pillow; the creases of the disordered coverlet. Yet all the while the horror of the great empty darkness was over us; the heart was wrung to the last gasp with anguish; we knew, while we reproached ourselves for the unnatural digression of fancy, that our thoughts were like cowardly children, striving to sing and sport in the night, their very efforts a proof how they feared the dense gloom enshrouding them.

Maggie knew this to be the most critical moment of her existence. If the fugitive were tracked to his covert, the disgrace to herself might be more public than if he made good his retreat, but, in any event, disclosure was inevitable. The thing she most feared was close upon her; she saw no loop-hole of escape. She waited as sits the criminal in the cart that bears him along the vista lined with living faces of curiosity and horror, all staring upon him, and closed at the farther end by the gallows. Yet fragmentary gleams of other days and far different scenes played across her brain; the faces and forms of her school-fellows; quiet sunset sails upon the river with Marie, before Lorraine's image had troubled the girl's pure fancy; how she dressed for her maiden ball (how long it seemed!); the pattern of the bouquet-holder she carried then; how John looked in his dressing gown and smoking cap, on the evening they were given him; the programme of the last opera she had attended, when John and Will made up a private party of four, and went from Mr. Ainslie's house, and Tiny never suspected the frolic; snatches of the songs she heard then, wild, airy cadences, and difficult arias, and solemn measured marches; oh, what was she doing! how could such themes engage thought now, when the present peril was narrowing in upon her!

"Maggie!" said John, softly, touching her hand. "Do not look so startled! I want to speak with you alone. Can I?"

She got up to accompany him to another room, but Marie checked the movement.

"I suppose, Mr. Lawrence, that, as matters stand, it is expedient that none of us leave the parlor until your emissary has finished his search. Mr. Cleveland, as your ally, is above suspicion, but Miss Boylan may hereafter be arraigned for having aided in the escape of this persecuted—*prosecuted*, I should say—gentleman."

"Your suggestion is not without weight," returned Mr. Lawrence, unruffled by her sarcasm. "Mr. Cleveland, may I beg you to remain with us?"

John bit his lip to repress a caustic rejoinder, and, resolved not to be baffled in his purpose, conducted Maggie to a bay window at the other end of the long drawing-room.

There he placed her upon a cushioned seat lining the recess, and standing between her and the two at the centre-table, began, in soothing tones, an account of the real state of this unfortunate affair, and the leniency of the firm whose goodness Lorraine had abused.

"I am very sorry you happened to be here to-day. It is a sad shock to you, through your love for Miss Dupont. Yet, reflect how much better it is for her that this should happen now, before she is irrevocably bound to him. If she were his wife, there would indeed be cause for—"

He broke off abruptly, attracted by the spectacle of the policeman passing before their window which opened upon the rear lawn. Mr. Lawrence, too, had turned when he heard the man come down stairs.

"What is the fellow about? He cannot be through already!" he muttered, and catching a glimpse of him as he crossed the yard, he joined Cleveland at his look-out. Mrs. Dupont and her daughter likewise arose, curiosity or solicitude mastering their pride, and gathered, with the others, into the recess. Marie laughed scornfully as she did so.

"This is to be an *al fresco* performance also, is it?"

No one replied, and all eyes watched the strange, yet confident motions of the officer. The shrubbery was abundant in this part of the grounds, and Mr. Lawrence's conjecture was that, from an upper window, the detective had espied some suspicious object among the trees. But he did not pry into the clumps of evergreens that dotted the lawn. He walked slowly, but straight up to a pyramid of matting, erected in plain view of the spectators, but at some distance from the house, and halted. The miniature tent apparently covered a favorite vine or tree, having been constructed with unusual care, and pinned closely to the ground. The man walked around it, eyeing it keenly in all its parts, and then laid his ear to its side as if to listen for breath or movement within.

This action partially prepared the excited watchers for his next, which was to clasp the matting in his arms, and throw it to the ground. A wild exclamation burst from Maggie's lips, and she fell back fainting. Marie and her mother darted forward to her assistance. Mr. Lawrence's attention was wholly given to what was passing without. He, alone, of the group inside, saw the officer drag from the ruins of his hiding-place, a struggling figure, his clothes and hair filled with straw and dust, his face livid with rage and terror, and eyes glaring like a wild beast at bay.

Thomas, the stout serving-man, who had, from some corner, witnessed the downfall of the hiding-place his young mistress had planned, and he reared, now ran into sight with manifest design of rescue, but Mr. Lawrence thwarted him by springing from the window and hastening to the scene of action to claim his prisoner.

John Cleveland stood motionless in the midst of the tumult. He did not know, and did not care that the arrest was a thing accomplished. Maggie's insensible form was borne past him by menial hands, and he saw it not, any more than he heard Marie's appeal to himself to interfere in Lorraine's behalf. His glassy eyes beheld only the expression of horror and misery that had distorted Maggie's features at the moment of discovery; the shuddering depths of his soul echoed and re-echoed her agonized shriek—

"Spare him! Oh, spare *my husband!*"

(To be continued.)

BEAR AND FORBEAR.—What good advice do these words contain, and how many regrets would be unneeded, did we always follow their council?

"Bear ye one another's burdens" is an injunction of the apostle Paul's. Sympathy is sweet at all times, and seasonable help will be well received. Bear, too, with their little peculiarities, and their sometimes unkind words; check that angry reply, ere it has passed your lips. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," therefore speak kindly, or not at all. Pause ere you judge too severely the conduct of another; perhaps, just now, you may hear things are not quite as bad as they at first sight appeared; try that now sorrowful offender once more—this time his repentance may be sincere, and his deeds conformable to his words. In short, "Follow after charity," which "suffereth long, and is kind."

—A FRENCH writer has said that "to dream gloriously, you must act gloriously while you are awake; and to bring angels down to converse with you in your sleep, you must labor in the cause of virtue during the day."

EASTER-DAY.

BY LEIRA.

(*Affectionately inscribed to* MISS LAVINIA MEEKER, *of Tarrytown, in memory of* EASTER *at Grace Church, Nyack, N. Y., April 5,* 1863.)

WELCOME, bright Easter morn! With rapturous joy
We greet thy coming, O thou "day of days!"
Through mournful Lent we waited for thy light,
And e'en the gloom of Holy Week grew less
At thought of thee.
We stood beside the Cross;
With streaming eyes, and shame and grief intense,
We watched our Saviour's dying agony,
While to each heart came home the bitter truth—
Thy sins have crucified the Lord.
'Tis past.
The solemn services of Holy Week—
Good-Friday with its suffering and woe,
The price of man's redemption—the deep hush
Of Easter-even, when our Saviour's form
Was lying cold and lifeless in the tomb—
All, all are o'er. Glad, glorious Easter dawns,
And "Christ is risen" is our theme. Joy, joy;
"The Lord is risen indeed!" Death and the grave
Are of their terrors robbed, their sting is gone.

Well may we bring sweet flowers, spring's first, fair buds*
(Of the Great Resurrection fitting type),
To deck the sanctuary; for the Cross
Like Aaron's rod has blossomed, and become
The symbol of God's love to all mankind.
Well may we enter in the temple gates,
And write upon its walls in living green,
"Now is Christ risen from the dead."
The low
And plaintive minor strains of Lenten time
Have ceased. Awhile they melted on the ear
In liquid harmony, then fainter grew,
And softly died away. Now in their stead,
In notes of triumph, thrilling every heart
With holy joy, the glorious anthem
And the grand Te Deum rise.
O happy day!
Bright diamond on the golden ring of Time,
Well may we welcome thee; hadst thou not dawned,
Then had Christ died in vain; but now o'er Death
He Victor is, and thou hast shed thy light
Upon this world of misery and sin.

When sorrow's hand is heavy on us laid,
And we are called to yield our cherished ones,
And lay our loved companions down to rest
Within the arms of mother Earth, and leave
The dear forms to corruption—we mourn not
As those of hope bereft; the grave no more
Is unto us a sepulchre, 'tis but
A cemetery, or a sleeping-place.
The dead will all awake, for well we know
That as Christ rose, so shall we rise again.

Then let us offer unto God the best
And purest homage that the heart can give.
Most fitting 'tis to gather in His house,
For "Christ our Passover is sacrificed,"
And we must "keep the feast."

The altar now
In snowy white is draped, and we are called
To meet around the table of our Lord
The Crucified, the Risen. Can we dare
To venture nigh? Can our polluted souls
Bear the inspection of our Saviour's gaze?
Yes, we may go. The Church with loving words
Doth bid her children come. "Draw near with faith,
And to your comfort take this sacrament."
"If any sin, we have an Advocate."
"Christ Jesus came to save us;" He will deign
To hear our humble prayer. Therefore may we
"With angel and archangels" join and sing,
"Glory to Thee, O Lord, Most High, Amen!"

We kneel before the altar to receive
The precious emblems of a Saviour's love.
The surpliced priest with reverential mien,
Presents with fitting words the bread of life.
"The Body and the Blood of Jesus Christ,
Broken and shed for thee, preserve thy soul
And body unto everlasting life.
Take, eat, and drink in memory of His death,
Feed on Him in thy heart by faith unfeigned,
And thankful be."
Oh careless looker-on,
Who will not come to Jesus and have life,
Thou on whose ear the touching words fall not
With solemn power, this is no place for thee.
Profane not with thy gaze the holy scene,
But softly and with reverence steal away
And leave us kneeling at our Saviour's feet.

* * * * * * *

The sun is low descending in the west,
The day is closing, and again we meet
To consecrate the few remaining hours.
Once more the anthem and the chant resound,
And to our Father's throne our praise ascends.

How dear to us the service of the Church;
With Israel's sweet Psalmist may we say,
"Oh lovely are Thy dwellings, Lord of hosts!
My soul desires, yea, *longs* to enter in
Thy sacred courts."
Yes, it is holy ground.
The angel Peace has folded here her wings,
And made this hallowed spot her resting-place.

A heavenly calm broods o'er the temple now,
And lingers in our hearts. Vain trifler, hush!
Break not the charmed silence; for our souls
To harmony so exquisite are tuned,
That a light word or careless laugh would jar
With rude vibrations on the fine-strung chords.

The shades of twilight deeper grow, and we,
With noiseless step, reluctant turn away,
And, casting one "long, ling'ring look behind,"
Go forth to mingle with the busy world.
We will not fear its gilded blandishments,
They have no power; for the peace of God
Rests on us, and will "keep our hearts and minds
In knowledge of our Saviour Jesus Christ."

* The church was trimmed with flowers. A cross of camellias was placed in the chancel, and on the wall over the communion table was the inscription, made of box, "Now is Christ risen from the dead."

THE fire-fly only shines when on the wing. So it is with the mind; when once we rest we darken.

EDNA FAIRLEIGH'S TEMPTATION.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"YES, it is hard, very hard, my child; but God ruleth."

Mrs. Fairleigh kissed the pale face of her daughter, Edna, as she stooped to arrange the shawl about her shoulders, and a half suppressed sigh stirred the folds of her mourning wrapper.

"I know, mother; but it is, at times, so difficult to realize it. Heaven, and its sweet glory, seem so very far away. But I will hope always for the best. If the worst does come, I think I can manage to keep us comfortable. You know Mr. Jameson gives me a little more for my work, and I could have some shoes to bind from Barley's."

"My poor Edna!"

"Nay, mother, am I not happy in toiling for you? It is well to have something for which to labor. And now, good-morning; I'll not be gone long, it is so very pleasant I can go across the fields. It lessens the distance full half a mile."

Edna Fairleigh put on her faded shawl, and tied the meagre ribbons of her hat, with a rebelling heart. She could not remember when she had felt so very hard and stubborn. There was no spirit of resignation, no steady faith, no hopeful trust, in the tense lines of the white face that looked at her out of the glass. She scarcely recognized herself.

Life had not been beautiful to her for many years. Do you know what it is to be filled with a fervid appreciation of all the rich, rare loveliness of earth's fair things, to hear continually within the dumb cry of the hungry soul for the tender beauty we know life sometimes holds? to worship all the perfect gorgeousness of the sunset skies, yet never dare to revel in their splendor? to shrink from the melting touch of the south wind, because to drink in its ripe breath might hinder the toil that is necessary to keep life in the pulses of one you love more than your own happiness?

Four years Edna had spent in this way. A daily struggle with the world for bread—bread for herself and her feeble mother. Early and late she toiled at the coarse garments given her to make from the great clothing establishment at the village—poorly recompensed, sometimes scolded for mistakes and errors with which she had nothing to do. But this morning she felt more keenly than usual. And why? The twenty-fourth of June would see the Fairleigh's homeless, and that fateful day was only distant another sun! A few words will explain whatever of their little history the reader will care to learn.

Arthur Fairleigh, Edna's father—now four years dead—had been a gardener on the estate of Ralph Wilmot, the miserly master at the hall. Fairleigh had once been wealthy himself, but by a series of misfortunes he was reduced to penury, and was glad to accept the tolerably lucrative situation offered him by Mr. Wilmot. Oak Cottage, the present residence of his widow and daughter, was then vacant; and there Mr. Fairleigh took up his abode, with the understanding that it should be his when he had paid the proprietor a certain sum of money agreed upon.

Failing to show receipts for the full amount—so ran the bond of agreement—the estate of Oak Cottage should, on the 24th of June, 1854, belong to Ralph Wilmot, provided he still survived; but in the event of his death before the said 24th, the whole property should revert to Arthur Fairleigh and his heirs forever. Mr. Fairleigh had been to make his last payment, when he was seized with paralysis while yet in the presence of Mr. Wilmot; and three days afterward he expired at the hall, remaining speechless and motionless to the last.

After the funeral obsequies were over, Mrs. Fairleigh, searching among her late husband's papers, found Mr. Wilmot's receipts up to the time of the last payment. The final receipt in full was not among them. She applied for it to Mr. Wilmot, but the miserly man disclaimed all knowledge of the reception of the money, and coolly told her that he should abide by his agreement. She need expect nothing more at his hands.

Four years longer, Oak Cottage was hers, and the only chance of her getting justice lay in the very uncertain prospect of Mr. Wilmot's death before the expiration of the time mentioned in the bond. These years had passed

now, and, with each succeeding week, Mrs. Fairleigh had grown feebler. Upon Edna's labor the existence of the family depended.

As the time drew nigh which was to turn them out into the world shelterless, Edna went to plead with Mr. Wilmot for a little extension of the time, that she might look about for lodgings; but was harshly refused. Oak Cottage, he said, was already rented, and the new tenant would arrive on the 25th of June. He did not keep houses to shelter people who could not pay for them.

Edna turned away from his presence full of fierce rebellion. It all looked so cruelly unjust to her. The rich, childless old man refusing them so little out of his great plenitude! refusing them the heritage her father had labored for so faithfully, and for which she knew the last dollar had been paid. It is little wonder that, thinking over their wrongs, she should cry secretly, "Oh that God's judgment might fall upon him!"

A little afterward, when she had prayed earnestly for strength, she asked for Ralph Wilmot, mercy instead of judgment; but for all that, though she forgave him, she could not forget. And this fair June morning she took her way across the blossoming clover fields, to the distant village, with bitterness in her heart. Her pale cheek flushed hectic crimson with the violent haste of her step, and her dark eye burned bright with the smouldering passion within. She could not stop to smell the sweet clover, or listen to the tender voices of the robins in the tall old trees; it would be so much time taken from her work, and she must improve every moment now. The murmur of running water broke on her ear. She must cross Stony Brook, a wild little stream that divided the meadow land from the high hills on which the village was situated.

Absorbed in her own painful reflections, she did not look up until she was close upon the frail bridge spanning the stream at this point, two old rotton planks only, and the recent heavy rains had swelled the brook to the proportions of a river. It flowed on over the rocks, snow white, and broken into a thousand spray wreaths, making the fragile bridge tremble and shake like a reed. She looked up just as she was setting foot on the planks, and, simultaneously, a frenzied cry for help rang out on the air.

Edna saw it all—understood it all at a glance. She saw the swift rush of that human figure downward; saw the agonized expression of the wrinkled face, framed in by masses of long white hair, and pleading for salvation with its filmy eyes. And looking down to see where the waters had covered it all up from her sight, Edna Fairleigh knew that Ralph Wilmot's life was at her mercy! Her heart stood still. Every faculty was swallowed up in the one fearful thought that swept through her mind! It was the twenty-third of June, if *he died that day, Oak Cottage was theirs!*

An old man, unloving, unloved, miserly, cruel, and a curse to the world! There would be none to weep for him, none to sink down stricken at his death! The temptation assailed her with a mighty force—her brain whirled, she tottered, and would have fallen, but for the frantic clutch she made on the stunted willow by her side.

A moment only, and then, with a gigantic effort, she cast out the foul impulse. She would do what she could, God helping her!

The bank was steep and rough, but Edna had been brought up in the country where agility is fostered. She ran fleetly down, and stepped into the water. The strong purpose within hardened her woman's nerves to steel; she put fear away from her, and thought only of saving the man who had so oppressed her family. His snowy hair floated upon the surface, she rushed toward it, swayed almost off her feet by the mad plunging of the current. She caught him by the arm, he felt the touch and grasped her convulsively, clinging to her garments, and drawing her under the water to be dashed fiercely against the sharp rocks. Still, she did not relinquish her hold on him. The tide swept them on together! with that fearful clog upon her strength, she felt that her condition was hopeless. If she should strike him off, she could save herself! She cast away the suggestion with utter loathing. Save herself at the expense of another! Never! She uttered a prayer for her mother, her sight grew dim, her strength was weakness, she was submitting to her fate! Suddenly she felt the smart cut of a tree branch against her face, and with a last frantic effort she clutched at it as she was borne along beneath. The strong witch hazel did not break—it held firmly—and a moment afterward Edna was lying exhausted upon the shore of the stream, with the inanimate form of Ralph Wilmot at her side.

A moment to recover her breath, and then Edna turned her efforts toward the old man's recovery. She labored long and faithfully with the means at her command, and at last she was rewarded by seeing his eyes unclose, and his chest heave with suppressed respiration. He sat upright and looked at her, but there was no trace of grateful feeling on his hard, cold face. He pushed her away roughly.

"There, enough of that. Go about your business."

Edna did as she was bidden, wondering, within herself, if Ralph Wilmot were human.

The ensuing day, the Fairleighs received formal notice to vacate Oak Cottage; and in obedience to the mandate, they removed to meagre lodgings in a crazy old house in the village.

The new tenant took possession of the cottage; and Edna's life of toil grew drearier every day. Her mother's health suffered from the removal to new scenes; the severing of olden ties and affections was exceedingly painful to her, and she did not rally from the shock as Edna hoped she would.

One day the intelligence spread abroad that Ralph Wilmot was dead. The servant, on going to call his master to breakfast, had found him seated in his arm-chair before his writing-table, dead. His eyes were wide open, one hand in his bosom, and the other covering a massive document, which, on examination, was found to be a will, dated on the twenty-fourth of the preceding June, and it was now the middle of October.

The pompous funeral over, the heirs-at-law assembled to listen to the reading of the will, and judge of their astonishment when it was found that the testator's entire possessions, without reserve, save liberal legacies to the servants, were bequeathed to Edna Fairleigh?

"I offer this in token," thus ran the will, "of my gratitude to this woman, who taught me that there is something beside selfishness in humanity. She held my life at her mercy; my death would have inexpressibly benefited her and hers, and yet she took no advantage of her power, but perilled her existence to save mine."

The heirs retired aghast, and in due time Edna took possession of Wilmot Hall.

She did good with the fortune left in her charge. Having known the pangs of poverty herself, she relieved them always in others; and through her gentle ministrations, Philip Wilmot's wealth existed not in vain.

CONCERNING RINGS AND PRECIOUS STONES.

Although it would be almost an impossibility to enumerate all the jewels which human vanity has employed for personal decoration, many of the ornaments worn by various ancient nations have held their place to the present day, and will probably do so forever. Among these we may mention more especially rings, ear-rings, bracelets, chains, necklaces, brooches, diadems, girdles, etc.

Some fashions it is fortunate, perhaps, for their own comfort, fine ladies have not adopted. Such is, among others, the custom of wearing nose-rings, prevalent among Oriental nations. In most cases the ring is merely thrust through the cartilage of the nose, and is not so very inconvenient, as food is passed through the ring; but in the kingdom of Ormuz the females actually pierce the bone of the nose, and pass through the hole a hook, from which is suspended a large sheet of gold, enriched with emeralds, rubies, and turquoises. Nor do our ladies indulge in wearing golden ankle-rings, though they probably refrain from the consideration that they could not decently display them; and, after all, the great value of jewels, we fear, in the feminine sight, is the power they possess of exciting envy.

Ear-rings, on the other hand, have held their ground victoriously up to the present day, and certainly possess an artistic merit. They date from the remotest history. In Homer we read of Juno placing drops in her ears. Among the Athenians it was a sign of nobility to have the ears pierced; while among the Hebrews and Phœnicians it was, with men at least, a badge of slavery. Specimens of the ear-rings worn by the Egyptian ladies may be seen at the British Museum; they are round, and some two inches in diameter. Persons of high rank wore ear-rings shaped like a serpent, and set with precious stones. Silver ear-rings, too, have been found at Thebes. According to the Rabbis, Eve's ears were bored on her expulsion from Paradise, as a sign of submission to her master, man. The golden calf was made entirely of the golden ear-rings of the people—probably those they borrowed of the Egyptians and forgot to return. Everywhere in the Old

Testament ear-rings play an important part. We read that the gold one given to Rebecca weighed half a shekel, or about a quarter of an ounce. The ear-rings of Jacob's family were buried with the strange gods at Bethel, but their use appears to have been confined among the Hebrews to the women. Thus we read in Judges viii. 24: "And Gideon said unto them, I would desire a request of you, that ye would give me every man the ear-rings of his prey* (for they had golden ear-rings, because they were Ishmaelites)."

The Greek ladies wore ear-rings adorned with gems, and the Roman belles, who derived their fashions from the East, very soon adopted this graceful ornament. They displayed their ostentation principally in their ear-rings; probably they were the most visible among their ornaments. Pearls were held in highest repute for drops; they were called *uniones*, and frequently cost enormous sums. These were followed by ear-rings made of three or four large pearls in a row, which rattled as the wearer walked. The ear-rings of the Empress Poppæa were estimated as worth £120,000; while those of Cæsar's wife were worth double that amount. There were female dealers in Rome who gained a handsome livelihood solely by healing the ears of ladies who had torn the lobes by wearing pendants of exaggerated weight; and that the fashion of wearing ear-rings spread among the men is seen from an edict forbidding it passed by the Emperor Severus.

In the East great importance is attached to ear-rings, as will be seen from the title of the Emperor of Astracan, who calls himself "Possessor of the White Elephant and the Two Ear-rings, and by virtue of this possession legitimate heir of Pegu and Birmah, lord of the twelve provinces of Bengal and the twelve kings who place their heads under his feet." The King of Ava, we may remark, styles himself "Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas," which are duly carried before him, their handles richly decorated with precious stones. The ear-rings worn by the Hindoos, male and female, are often of prodigious size. It is the fashion to elongate the ear and enlarge the hole by putting in rings the size of saucers, enriched with precious stones.

* We read, however, in Exod. xxxii. 2, that Aaron bids the people "Break off the golden ear-rings which are in the ears of your wives, of your sons, and of your daughters." Possibly children of the male sex wore ear-rings until they attained the age of puberty.

Among the South American Incas wearing ear-rings was a badge of knighthood. The monarch himself deigned to pierce the ears of the novices, and the bodkin was left in the hole till it grew sufficiently large to receive the ring which distinguished this order of knights. The ornaments worn by the Inca himself were of such enormous weight as to drag down the cartilage of the ear nearly to the shoulder. The fashion of wearing large ear-rings appears hereditary in Peru, for we find from a recent traveller that the Cholas, or half-breed women, wear pendants of such a weight that they have to be supported by a golden chain, which passes over the head.

In England, in the olden time, there was a curious fancy of wearing keys in the ears, to which honest Dogberry refers: "They say Conrade wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging to it." The pictures of Henri II. and Henri III. of France and their courtiers prove that ear-rings were then worn by men. The same fashion prevailed among ourselves in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and even Shakspeare himself did homage to the mode. In Germany, at the present day, ear-rings are very common among men of the lower classes as a remedy against fits.

A distinction must be drawn between the terms bracelets and armlets; the former signifies any ornament worn on the arm, the latter exclusively something worn above the elbow. The armlet was used as a mark of sovereignty in ancient times; thus Judah wore it as the head of a tribe, and this was probably the ornament which the Amalekite took from the arm of the dead Saul, and carried with the other insignia of royalty to David. The Egyptian kings are represented with armlets; those which have been found are several centuries older than the most ancient Greek monuments; they are generally made of beautifully-wrought gold, set with precious stones or enamelled of brilliant colors. Bracelets did not come into fashion among the Greeks till a comparatively later date, and not till they abolished the long-sleeved Ionian tunic on behalf of the Doric costume.

Bracelets among the Romans were at the same time a mark of honor and a token of slavery; but in the latter case they were iron or brass bands. The gold bracelet was at first given as a reward of valor by the kings, and we know from Livy that the Sabine warriors wore heavy bracelets. When the treacherous

Tarpeia asked, as a reward for betraying the capitol, what they carried on their left arm; the Sabines requited her by burying her under their shields as well as their bracelets. If the latter, however, were as heavy as those to be seen in cabinets of antiques, they would have killed the maid without the help of the bucklers. Bracelets were not worn by Roman ladies till they were married, but then they made up for the privation; some of them wore bracelets weighing as much as ten pounds. Among the ruins of Pompeii a lady was found wearing two bracelets on her arm. The Emperor Maximian, who was eight feet one inch in height, used to wear his wife's bracelet as a thumb-ring.

The emblem of authority among the British kings was gold bands worn on the neck, arms, and knees. We find in ancient writers that the warlike Boadicea wore a chain of gold round her neck and bracelets on her arms. Armlets were worn by the Romans when they invaded Gaul. The security of the roads and the destruction of robbers by Rollo, the great Norman chief, are shown by an incident of his life. One day, after hunting, as he was taking his repast near a brook in the forest of Rouen, he hung his golden armlets on the branch of an oak, and forgot to remove them again. The jewels remained there three years, as no one dared to remove them.

Bracelets are found all over the world, even the native girls of the Pacific being taught by vanity to make very pretty ornaments of the bark of trees, shells, feathers, beads, etc. In the East every woman wears bracelets, their value naturally varying with the rank of the wearer. They are placed one above the other till the arms from wrist to elbow are covered with them. Many of them are so massive as to resemble fetters more than bracelets, but an appearance of weight is also frequently given by making them hollow.

The most celebrated armlets at the present day are those which form part of the regalia of the Persian kings, and formerly belonged to the Mogul Emperors of China. The jewels in these are so magnificent that the value of the pair is estimated at £200,000. The principal stone in the right armlet is famous through the East by the name of the "Sea of Light;" it weighs 186 carats, and is supposed to be the finest-lustred diamond in the world. The chief jewel in the left armlet, which weighs 146 carats, is known as the "Crown of the Moon." We may mention that the Koh-i-noor was worn by Runjeet Singh in an armlet.

Chains were regarded in the East as badges of honor by the ancients, and were bestowed by the king himself. Thus Joseph was invested by Pharaoh, and Daniel by Belshazzar. with this ornament. According to the Irish chronicles in the reign of Muirheanhoin, King of Ireland, Anno Mundi 3070, Irish gentlemen wore, by royal command, a chain of gold round the neck, to distinguish them from the commonalty. When the tomb of Edward the Confessor was opened, he was found wearing an enamelled crucifix suspended from a gold chain twenty-four inches in length, and fastened with a clasp in which four large stones were set.

In the Middle Ages chains were universally worn by nobles, and frequent allusions to them will be found in Shakspeare. Thus Sir Toby bids Malvolio, "Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs." Among the jewels sent by James I. to Charles, Prince of Wales, when in Spain, we find "a chayne of gould of eight-and-forty pieces, whereof twenty-four are great and twenty-four small, garnished with dyamonds; and a great George of gould hanging thereat, garnished with dyamonds of sundry sorts, also one faire chayne of gould, having threescore pieces, with four dyamonds in each piece, and threescore great round pearles."

LAMENT.

BY COROLLA H. CRISWELL.

SWEET mother, art thou dead?
Is the cold sod freezing above thy head?
The wintry blast is wildly rushing by—
Thou canst not feel it, love, where thou dost lie
  Asleep. Ah no, thou 'rt dead!
I saw thee in thy coffin—could it be?
I ask myself the question—was it thee?
  Is thy pure spirit fled?
I scarce believe it—yet I see no more
Thy gentle countenance, which oft before
  I 've gazed on with delight.
Those love-expressing eyes I see not now,
I cannot gaze again upon thy brow,
  So beautiful, so white!
Sweet mother, art thou smiling down on me?
An angel where thou art, oh, I would be,
  When Death his shaft hath sped
Cold to my heart. Thou didst not fear to die—
Thou didst not fear, dear one! and why should I?
  To pass away like thee I feel no dread—
  Deep is thy sleep, sweet mother, thou art dead!

BOTH SIDES.

BY JENNIE JENNINGS.

"PROSY, prosy, prosy"—and Maud Warner threw down in disgust the volume she had been reading.

"What is it, Maud? Are you at last surfeited with fiction? Or, did your redoubtable hero die at the critical moment, or, worse, was your heroine left an old maid at last?" inquired a young man, glancing up from a book.

"O, George! will you never give me credit for any sense above Robinson Crusoe? I have been reading, or trying to, Don Quixotte, and cannot, for the life of me, see what there is about such unmitigated absurdities that should be so celebrated."

At this her companion burst into a hearty laugh.

"Why, my dear child, did you not know Don Quixotte was a glorious burlesque, designed expressly for the cure of just such foolish heads as yours, turned, as it promises to be, with an excess of nonsense, more injurious because not so transparent?"

"Well, George," replied Maud, "believe me to be anxious to read and enjoy the books that you do. But how can I? 'Digestion,' Professor D. says, 'is slow with unpalatable things,' and were I to worry through your deep-toned books, I should be sick from chronic indigestion."

"Pooh!" chimed in a third voice, "'tis all because you are so hity-tity! I never read a novel, no, not even a story in my life; and look at *me*, there 's none of your frifferies about *me*."

"Dat because you old maid, nantie?" unexpectedly broke in a juvenile, arrested in his progress after a hoop by her earnestness.

"Not an old maid from necessity, bub," said she, aroused, even with a child who should ruthlessly disregard the "corn."

Maud's large eyes were distended with merriment, while George, controlling his risibles, replied, gravely:—

"Pardon me, if I take the liberty of judging both you ladies in the wrong. Is beef alone prudent diet? Would not the appetite soon cloy on tarts and jellies? Experience proves that a mixed diet is alone capable of sustaining, healthfully, so intricate a machine as man. The thirst for the excitement of plots and counter-plots, loves and crosses, will, of itself, soon cloy; the novelty of anticipation cease to be a novelty, and, correcting itself, beat about for something more tangible, nutritious, than story pastry. On the other hand, the man who rigidly eschews all diet save the mental beef of Paley or Bacon, errs to his great peril, and inevitably subsides into a ruminating animal, egotistically chewing the cud of his inveterate beef; too earnest, too morose, doing everlasting penance from his pious horror of a little pudding sauce." Here he paused; no answer, so he went on. "Now, auntie, if you would but allow me to enliven your wise and all honored prose, with now and then a dash of poetry, of romance. Promise me, dear aunt."

The proper, stereotyped countenance of the maiden relaxed. The favorite nephew had appealed. This would have been the first request denied him.

"There is a book you must promise me to read. I will not limit you as to time. A month, if you please."

Aunty was seeking the hoop the naughty child had broken. George had been holding the book at arms' length. She felt it, and at length, taking it a little spitefully, as though ashamed of her weakness, dropped it in her work-basket as though it had been a hot coal, and resumed her work.

"Now, Maud," turning to the other, "you must not resist my discipline. I give you one week to read this book. It is small, you will suffer no serious relapse from digesting its contents."

"I will try, George, but I know I shall choke on such dry diet."

"Call on me if you do, and I will prescribe." Saying which, he left, and, mounting his horse, rode away.

Three hours later, when he re-entered the room, he found both ladies so intently absorbed, that they did not observe him until he spoke. The old lady started a little, looking exceedingly nervous, as George addressed her.

"Ah, 'auntie! I always knew you would experience a little fiction before you died."

"I only meant to look at it," said she, confusedly.

"Yes, I know," said George; but be extremely cautious how you handle such wicked stuff, auntie!"

"It is a moral story, George," said she, apologetically.

George smiled a little. (It was one of Marion Harland's best.) "Strange if it were not, written as it is by as pure a mind as thinks."

"Don't talk to me of purity in a novel writer, George."

"You said 'twas moral, aunt."

"So it is; but man may smile and be a villain. So may he write, and be a rogue. I tell you no decent woman would write such stuff. I despise story writers, would not speak to one should she come to the house."

"Well," said George, "how comes on ma chère Maud with her forced diet?"

George could not then account for his cousin's steady perseverance in poring over a work which he had expected her to discard at once. (Ah! does not love sometimes make over people?)

"The dose is more agreeable than I expected, George. I believe I feel stronger already."

"You are the right subject for me to practise upon, I see," said he, looking at her searchingly.

She colored slightly, threw the book down, and commenced rattling off a waltz with her old *sang froid*.

"Richard is himself again," said George. "And, dear auntie, again let me impress you with the fact that this world of ours would be a dry, matter-of-fact, uninteresting abode, were its dreariness not enlivened by stories and children. Story writers wield a mighty influence, they reach people who would otherwise *never* read. A good story acts as a sedative upon a task-weary mind, when more solid food would oppress."

"The writers are a slack, good-for-nothing set. I'll have nothing to do with them," replied she, doggedly.

"We shall see what we shall see, auntie."

As rigid and puritanic as possible, the maiden aunt was yet not morose. She loved and had devoted herself tenderly to the care of these two orphans. George was the eldest son of a sister, with just enough of property to educate him. Maud, the child of another deceased sister, was entirely dependent upon her purse and care. The latter had just returned from a fashionable boarding school, *finished!* to the no small disappointment of her aunt, who found her painfully superficial, and even wilder than when she left her care. "Of what use, Maud," said she, "have been all your studies, when you come home and care for nothing but parties and story reading?"

"Why, auntie, at *school*, we never had time to study. We were always upon the point of examinations, and what with our dressing, our scarfs, and our badges, our sashes, rehearsals and reviews (the latter always upon the first twenty pages), we never could thoroughly master a book."

"Then I would study them *now*, child," said she, sighing at the degeneracy of modern times, when a "come-out" young lady should be guiltless of every text-book upon her list.

"But your mathematics, Maud, you surely could not skim over that?"

"O, auntie, Ruth Day did all the hard problems in algebra. She boarded at home, was very homely, studied, and the teachers used her for examinations. We never had time to master thoroughly but about twenty pages of geometry, save a little in logarithms, which we looked over for examination."

"Well," sighed Miss Lorn, "I hope all boarding-schools are not like Miss Doty's."

With George Mann the case had been different. At college, few are allowed to shirk. Graduating with honor, he had since been reading law in a neighboring city, and had just returned to practise his profession in his native town, situated within a mile of his aunt's residence.

The town was a large one in Western New York, and the society of the cousins was assiduously courted, not only as heirs presumptive of the rich aunt, but for their really valuable qualities.

Among the visitors at the house was a friend and partner of George, a young man of so grave and dignified a mien that frivolity was almost abashed in his presence. His reserve made him an especial favorite of the aunt, who delighted in long conversations with him. He, too, was the son of a friend of her girlhood, now deceased, and whose father, a physician in the city, had married the second time, and, rumor said, the lovely niece of the stepmother had captivated the grave son. He

was often rallied upon his growing abstraction, with the charge that he was "in love;" he would look confused, but never deny.

Absorbed in books, and an author, he had, like most literary people, a penchant for strolling off alone, and was almost daily at the house of Miss Lorn, leaving George, as he said, "to do the practical."

"Judging from your looks, Miss Maud, the story you read must be intently absorbing," remarked Mr. Lane, after he had been observing her for some time.

Maud looked up surprised; she did not know that he was near.

"Will you allow me to look at it?"

An expression of pleasure flitted over his face as he read its title.

"Pardon me for misjudging, but young ladies are so proverbially given to story reading, we sometimes mistake. I am happy to say I know exceptions, however."

Maud thought of "the young lady," but said nothing.

Mr. Lane continued:—

"Hugh Miller's works are deep. Rich gems sparkle from out the solid ore. Vivid pictures embellish the abstruse. The mind, here, in its search for the useful, finds so many flowers in its path that a desert of fiction is unnecessary."

"George," replied she, "is making one grand effort to tame down his frivolous cousin by a rigid diet, while she, all pliable, obeys supine."

"I should say she finds it not so hard a task," looking at her searchingly.

"Candidly I am taking immense doses, but I find them more savory than I had expected."

"Will you allow me to prescribe?" said he. "Then I advise a dose three times a day of 'Kames' Criticism,' alternated with one of Miss Harland's stories, or something lighter."

"I sha'n't promise; I won't make any more promises," said she, flying out abruptly, giving orders for her horse to be brought for a ride.

Maud was very cautious of the sitting-room; but not a day passed but she read and studied. Regularly, one school book after another was resurrected, reviewed, and re-reviewed. "I will show them," she said to herself, "that I am not the giddy, brainless being they think me."

"Really, auntie," said George, one day, "do you know the starch is taken wonderfully out of your collar since you commenced to read stories?"

"Nonsense, George," said she, looking slightly pleased, "when I've only read two or three."

"All you lack, auntie, is to fall in love with a live authoress. There are many yet at large, auntie."

"They will stay at large, for all me: they cannot come here to spoil Eddie's mind and morals."

"What's morals, auntie?" queried little Eddie.

"Behavior, child."

"Who'll soil my behavior?"

"Naughty story writers. No more questions, Eddie."

"Sunday 'tool teacher read me story every Sunday."

"I do not approve of it."

"I does. I likes it. I 'member it dreat deal better nor dat Baxter's go to bed, or sumfin'."

One afternoon George came in, announcing that Lane's "lady love" (as he called her) was in town, visiting at her uncle's. "You will call upon her, of course, Maud."

"Never," said Maud, vehemently.

"Why, what is this, Maud? She is said to be a valuable and amiable acquaintance. I shall call, for Lane's sake, at least."

Just then Mr. Lane entered, and, after passing the usual compliments, turned to Maud, saying:—

"Will you call upon my friend, Miss Maud? I fear she will be lonely among strangers."

Maud replied evasively, and soon after left the parlor to throw herself upon a sofa in her own room, sobbing in spite of herself.

"No doubt," thought she, "he is anxious to show off her learning as an eclipse to mine. They say she is educated, and I'll engage as supercilious as a queen. No, I cannot call. He shall not see me in contrast."

She rose next morning with a headache—that fashionable synonym for heartache. I always think when I hear people complain of headache, frequently, that there is a chronic derangement of the heart. The heart is more often accountable than bad diet. It is the true timepiece of the system. Upon its vibrations, regular or irregular, depends the well-being of the framework surrounding it. No

wonder that the machine so soon fails, when its chords are so often rudely struck.

A day or two after, George came in with a family invitation to a party.

Maud felt that the ordeal had come. "She will be there," thought she; "can I endure the trial? I must, I will. He shall never read me, however much I suffer. I ought to be ashamed of myself for owing her spite." Maud's better nature was triumphing. She was not jealous by nature.

"You are charming, this evening, coz," said George, as he found her ready equipped. "Eyes a little too intense, peradventure."

Her cheek flushed with excitement, her dark hair banded over a brow, if not fair, of classic mould, she did, indeed, look the type of a vivacious brunette.

The drawing-rooms of Esquire B—— were sufficiently brilliant that night with bright eyes and dazzling toilets.

"Who is that fine looking woman by the front table, George?" inquired the honest aunt.

"That is Lane's Miss Vase, aunty. I will introduce you."

Mr. Lane was not visible. And Maud, a trifle rudely, scanned his betrothed. She could but be prepossessed, in spite of herself. A lovely countenance, wherein was blended that rare combination of sweetness and intellect, joined to a manner modest and unassuming, with entire self-possession. "No wonder he loves her," thought Maud.

Miss Vase was engaged in animated conversation with the aunt. Maud joined them, and never had she felt her own conversational powers so good. She was surprised to find herself quite at home with the accomplished stranger. In the midst of an animated discourse upon a late work, which both had been reading, Maud by chance changed her position, when she saw Mr. Lane standing near. She blushed, but recalled herself and addressed him with ease.

"I am inclined to think that your reading, Miss Maud, must have been contraband of late, by the celerity with which you maintain a race with my pedantic friend," said Mr. Lane.

"Oh, do not call her pedantic," said Maud, with spirit.

"Scholarly then, if you please. Miss Laura will not resent so great a compliment, I am sure."

"Some philosopher has said we are most flattered by unmerited or equivocal compliments," replied Miss Vase.

"Paradoxical," exclaimed George, gliding suddenly in the group. "I arrest you all for talking sense at a party. You will soon be voted *de trôp*, and sentenced to premature banishment. Come to supper; allow me to escort you, ladies."

Supper over, Maud excused herself, and, stepping unperceived to the piazza, was about descending to the garden to calm, by a walk, her heated brain, when a voice arrested her.

"Whither so fast, Miss Maud? Will you accept my arm for a promenade?" and Mr. Lane was by her side.

"Where is George?" said she, not knowing what else to say.

"With Miss Vase," replied he, appearing a little piqued. "And would George be so much more welcome, Maud?"

It was the first time he had called her Maud; she almost resented it. "He pities me," thought she; "he thinks me sad." And directly her pride took the alarm.

"It is more chilly than I thought," said she; "I prefer to return to the house."

"Certainly, if you wish, Miss Maud." And they re-entered the crowded rooms, to meet no more that evening. Several times, it is true, she caught his eye following her with an expression she could not understand, but which sent the blood coursing to her face.

The party over, the usual result, a late breakfast and review of the previous evening's events followed. Miss Lorn was vehement in her praise of the stranger lady. "Mr. Lane will get a prize if he gets her; she knows the most, with the least fuss, of any one I ever saw. So pure and reserved, too; how I wish Eddie could have a teacher like her."

"I wish he could," said George, with a sigh.

"But, Maud," said he, after a pause, "what ails you, of late? You have grown so wise and sedate, you almost awe me. Is knowledge so oppressive?"

Maud laughingly replied she thought her year's reading would not prove fatal.

"But you and Mr. Lane act precisely alike, and unless he mend his ways, I shall dissolve partnership. I will not fellowship with a churchyard."

It was a long time since Mr. Lane had been to the house, at which the aunt marvelled exceedingly, while Maud was irrepressibly

wretched. Of course he believes me jealous, thought she, and her woman's pride rose rebellious. "When shall my folly cease to be transparent?"

A week following this, Maud was taking her accustomed ride, when, just on the outskirts of the town, her horse took fright, and she soon found herself, she scarcely knew how or when, dragging upon the ground. A terrible faintness came over her as she felt her great peril. Just realizing that a strong hand had seized the bridle, and rescued her, she lost consciousness.

When she recovered, it was to find herself supported by Mr. Lane, who was tenderly bathing her temples.

"Dear Maud, are you hurt?"

"No, sir," said she, raising herself with an effort, "I am perfectly well, and able to walk home. Only a little frightened."

"Maud, are you offended with me?"

"Why, no; why should you ask that?"

"I fancied you were growing cold of late."

"I have been somewhat bewildered (as people say) with the rush of events of late," replied she, evasively.

"Maud, do you know I love you?"

She trembled violently. "And Miss Vase?" said she.

"Is it possible you gave credit to that report? I respect Miss Vase, but I never *loved* any but you. Dare I hope?"

"Well, auntie!" exclaimed George, at dinner, "I am going to get married, at last, and guess who the divinity may be who is to be made so supremely happy."

"Why, George, I cannot guess, I am so amazed."

"Doubtless, auntie, but 'tis too good to be true; 'tis Miss Vase."

"Why, George, I thought—but where is Mr. Lane?"

"Ah! Lane 's all right. He is too grave to fancy any but a mad-cap. We shall have a double wedding, auntie, as you 'll soon hear."

And there *was* a double wedding, in the course of which George led his bride to his delighted aunt, saying: "Auntie, allow me to introduce to you a live authoress—the writer of the book you have just been reading. Will she do to teach my brother?"

"Yes, and me too," replied the conquered aunt. "I believe in story writers, now. Go away, George, until I think!"

"Allow me to compliment my aunt upon her improved appearance since the slight dawn of romance upon her. While here is Maud, who has been made a woman of by her change of diet; though it depresses my feathers a little to think that, after all, it was only for love of that sly rogue, Lane, that she pored over those books at such a murderous rate."

VILLAGE WEDDING IN SWEDEN.

We will endeavor to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be summer time, that there may be flowers; and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with yellow hair, arises in the south. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers on his forehead and a garland of corn flowers about his neck. Friends from the neighboring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming in the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his blue jacket, comes from his chamber; and then to horse, and away towards the village, where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the spokesman, followed by some half dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them, perhaps, with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage wagon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, laden with flowers, and ribbons, and evergreens, and as they pass beneath it, the wedding guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops, and straight from every pocket flies a black jack filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd; provisions are brought from the wagon, and, after eating and drinking and hurrahing, the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighboring forest, and ask

for hospitality. "How many are you?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred," is the answer, and to this the last replies, "Yes, were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome, and in token thereof receive this cup." Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale; and soon after the whole jovial company comes streaming into the farmer's yard, and riding round the May-pole which stands in the centre, alight amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall stands the bride with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red bodice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a girded belt around her waist, and around her neck strings of golden beads and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair, and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. "Oh, thou good soul! thou hast hard hands but a soft heart! thou art poor, the very ornaments thou wearest are not thine; the blessings of heaven upon thee!" So thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of the bride and the bridegroom, saying, in a deep and solemn voice: "I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honor, to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which thou two may possess, or may inherit, all the rights which Uhland's laws provide and the holy king gives."

And the dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The spokesman delivers an oration, after the ancient custom of the fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible, and invites the Saviour to be present, as at the marriage feast of Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm, and the feast goes cheerily on. Punch and brandy pass around between the courses, and here and there a pipe is smoked while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table; but as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not until midnight comes the last dance. The girls form a circle round the bride to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavor to break through the magic circle and seize their new sister. After a long struggle they succeed; and the crown is taken from her head, and jewels from her neck, and her bodice is unlaced, and kirtle taken off; and like a vestal virgin, clad all in white, she goes, but it is to her bridal chamber, not to her grave; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.

MAUD.

BY M. M.

Under the lilac trees we sat,
  Beautiful Maud and I;
Black eyes flashed out from a gypsy hat,
Sweet lips kept talking of this and that,
As under the crescent moon we sat—
  Beautiful Maud and I.

A rare, sweet face, with a wonderful smile—
  A heart-smile it was, too!
And you would keep wondering all the while
About that wonderful, wonderful smile,
Curls dancing hither and thither the while,
  And sweet eyes shimmering through.

Under the lilacs I sat to night,
  But all alone was I;
No bright eyes flashed from a gypsy hat,
No sweet lips chatted of this and that,
While under the lilac trees I sat,
  For all alone was I.

Beautiful Maud went home one day,
  Out from the gray old grange,
Left her home on the breezy, breezy bay,
Left her tropical birds, and her flowers, they say,
Left all, in the blossoming, blossoming May—
  O beautiful Maud, 'twas strange!

Beautiful Maud went home to rest,
  Many a year ago!
She died as the light dies out of the west—
She died, with her sweet love half confessed,
Can I ever say 'twas all for the best,
  Beautiful Maud? No, no!

O beautiful Maud! shall I ever know,
  In this lower, lower land,
Why came on my heart that terrible blow?
Why your cheeks grew pale can I ever know?
Why you slumber to-day when the lilacs bloom,
  Can I ever understand?

THE LAST WORD.—Husband and wife should no more struggle to get the last word than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb-shell. Married people should study each other's weak points, as skaters look after the weak part of the ice, in order to keep off them. By attention to this apparently small matter the course of wedded life will run more smoothly, and thus insure happiness.

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

(Concluded from page 365.)

CHAPTER IX.

"Not ride to-day?" said George Bancroft, in a tone of surprise not unmixed with consternation.

"My head aches!" said Effie; and her pale cheeks and languid eyes confirmed her words.

Mr. Marshall's fingers were at her wrist in an instant.

"I am Effie's resident physician," he said to George, gravely. "I have been successful with my patient so far, but she is not robust yet, and"—

But George's pale, frightened face was too much for his kind heart, and he said—

"All my joking, my boy. Late hours don't suit my lady-bird, that 's all."

"That 's all," echoed Effie, inwardly thanking her uncle.

"I will prescribe a large dose of morning nap, and a small one of afternoon drive," said Mr. Marshall.

"May I have the pleasure," said George, quickly.

"Of course you may. I leave you to arrange the hour to suit yourselves," and they were alone.

It was an everyday occurrence, yet Effie had never felt like a prisoned bird before, and her embarrassment must have been of a contagious description, for there was a long interval of silence. Then George spoke:—

"Effie! Pardon me, Miss Marshall!" for she had drawn her figure erect, with a haughty motion—"I—I am going away to-morrow."

Coward heart! The quick flush would come, but she said, quite firmly:—

"We shall miss you very much."

"I wish I could take that comfort to my heart. Will you let me bore you a little while, and tell you of my plans?"

"I shall not find it a bore," she said, with a courteous, easy smile.

"My father has been appointed consul to Brazil, and he has named me his secretary. I go now to New York to make my arrangements preparatory to sailing in December. Will you not congratulate us?"

"Upon?"

"Oh, everybody considers these government appointments matter for congratulation."

"Then, pray, add mine to the list."

Another long silence—and again George broke it.

"Yes, I am off to-morrow. When shall we meet again?"

"Soon, I hope!"

"Perhaps. That depends upon yourself. I must speak, Effie, for we may not have another moment alone together. I must tell you"—and here his voice grew deep and tender—"how you are my heart's best friend, my chosen love, if you will let me love you. My life's happiness is in your hands. I love you with my whole heart, and I ask you frankly, as I know your pure, true heart will answer me, can you return my love?"

The rushing flood of happiness made her speechless, but he needed no answer. He clasped her in his arms, and looked into her face, whispering softly: "My wife! my little Effie!" and so Mr. Marshall found them.

Effie fled from his bantering laugh, but George stood his ground. Freely and heartily did the old man give his consent, for he had well appreciated the high intellect, manly, honest deeds of the young suitor; and the long-standing friendship between the father of one and uncle of the other of the lovers did not lessen the pleasure felt in the prospect of Effie's marriage. Mr. Marshall knew with trusting certainty that his treasure was loved for herself alone, not for any prospect of his wealth.

An immediate return to Haresdale was determined upon, that Effie might prepare for her wedding. A day in November was set, and Mrs. Marshall came to offer her *congratulations*. "Brazil," she remarked, "was unhealthy, and Effie, very delicate," but she wished them every happiness, and promised to come to the wedding.

Having determined to leave Newport, Mr. Marshall and Effie made each a handsome present to Mrs. Marshall and Laura, and then started for Niagara. A few weeks were spent

in travelling, and Mr. Marshall added some days in New York, laughingly declaring that no goods but those from the great metropolis were choice enough for Effie's bridal wardrobe.

To paint Mrs. Lawrence's delight as she welcomed the travellers to their home, once more, is beyond the powers of my pen. The house in the city was not taken, for Effie wished to spend the last few months of her maiden life in the home where she had been made so happy. Mr. Marshall could not determine to part from his pet yet, so he had arranged to accompany the Bancrofts to Brazil. His long life of seclusion made the prospect of this journey very exciting and pleasant to him. Many were the schemes the happy party planned for their future life, and even Mrs. Lawrence's lugubrious face at the prospect could not diminish the joyous anticipations.

"We shall come home every summer," said Effie, "and if you are not here, what kind of a house should we find?"

"Oh, think of the long winter, honey!"

"But uncle says you can invite your son and his wife to come here!"

"But I 'm used to you, now! Dear, deary me, the house will be dark without your face in it."

"But not darker than it was before I came here!"

"Then if Mr. George went away, you would not miss him any more than you did before you went to Newport," said the old lady, archly; and Effie, with a bright blush and smile, would retreat before Mrs. Lawrence's argument.

The summer had flown, and the many hues of autumn were usurping the place of its verdure. The nuts were falling, and the days growing shorter, while the bright firelight was very welcome in the cool mornings and evenings. The dressmakers and milliners were sending each day those interesting packages which go to make up the *trousseau*, for the time appointed for the wedding was drawing very near. George was in New York with his father, but Effie knew that very soon he was coming to claim her.

It was a bright day, late in October; one of those brilliant, sunny days which rob the coming winter of half its gloom; and, full of happy musings, the young girl paced up and down the porch waiting for her uncle to come to take their accustomed morning ride. Her dark blue habit was buttoned up to give her feet freedom, and her little cap drawn closely down over her ears, and she walked quickly to keep fingers and toes warm. Hotspur and Selim were saddled at the gate; it was nearly half an hour later than their usual time for starting, but her uncle did not come. His window opened out on the roof of the porch, and, at last, tired of waiting, Effie ran down the path to call up to him. To her surprise the curtains were closely drawn, the window only partially open, and she saw at one glance that her uncle had not yet risen. Laughing gayly at the thought of the lecture she would read him upon his laziness, she ran up to his door and knocked. There was no answer. She waited, and then knocked again, calling, "Uncle Charles! Uncle!" Still no reply. A terrible presentiment of ill seized her at this unbroken silence. "Uncle!" she said, loudly, "are you sick? If you don't answer, I shall come in!" Still that profound silence, and now thoroughly alarmed she opened the door. One glance at the bed brought her, terror-stricken, to her uncle's side. He lay, his head thrown back beyond the pillows, breathing with a strange rattling noise; his hands, tightly clenched, beside him, and his face working with fearful contortions.

"O, dear uncle, you are very ill!" she said, as she bent over him. He did not speak, but the rapid breathing seemed to grow more difficult as he opened his eyes and looked at her with a wild stare.

"Do you know me, uncle?" she said, in a voice of agony. Only the eyes answered her, as they softened to a look of love.

"You cannot speak?" she inquired, and then the necessity for immediate action nerved her against the numbing terror she felt stealing over her, and she said, gently, "I am going away for a moment to send James for Dr. Hall, then I will come to you again."

One long kiss on the quivering lips, and she was gone. Dr. Hall was the physician at G——, and had been called in, when she first came to Haresdale, to prescribe for a cough that worried her uncle. She knew him as a kindly old gentleman, who had patted her on the head and told her to live out in the open air, but she remembered having heard her uncle speak highly of his skill as a physician, and in the dreadful responsibility now resting upon her, she thought first of him. It would be a long ride for James, but the horse was

already waiting, and a few words, speaking of danger to a master he loved devoutly, made him urge the noble animal to its utmost speed.

Mrs. Lawrence was the next to summon, and her quiet, tender manner was inexpressibly soothing to the poor child. There was nothing they could do, for each felt her ignorance a bar in the way of an attempt to relieve the sufferer, and the long hours wore wearily away, as they watched and waited. Effie hastily threw aside her riding dress for a loose morning wrapper, and sat close beside her uncle. The large, loving eyes showed mutely the pleasure it gave him to have her there, but not a motion or a word broke the awful stillness. At last the anxiously watched-for footsteps were heard, and Mrs. Lawrence opened the door to admit the doctor.

Paralysis! The word smote with a fearful import on Effie's ear. Every direction was carefully noted down, and the little quaint figure moved about in quick attendance upon the doctor, but apart from the useful, attentive waiting, there seemed a numbing, horrible echo of the word ringing in her ears.

The doctor could give no encouraging fiat as yet, but promised to share the night's watch. A whole week wore away, and though those mute eyes showed that reason was still awake in the stricken man, there was no motion from the still limbs, no word from the speechless lips.

In one more day George would come, and Effie determined to nerve herself to ask Dr. Hall where this sickness would probably end.

The answer was kind, but distinct. Her uncle might in time recover his speech, perhaps the partial use of his limbs, but another stroke was to be dreaded, and he would be for the rest of his life crippled, if not deprived entirely of the use of his limbs.

A long night of watching and prayer were the preparations to meet her lover, and on her knees beside the prostrate form, with every act of his kindness printed indelibly upon her heart, Effie vowed to devote her life to comforting and nursing her more than father.

CHAPTER X.

"Miss Effie, Mr. George is in the parlor."

Mr. Marshall was sleeping, as Mrs. Lawrence whispered this message in Effie's ear.

"I will be down presently."

"Oh, darling, this week shows in your face, you 're pale as a lily, and the tired look don't go out of your eyes all day long. Ah me! Mr. George will be sorry for this trouble that has come to you."

Sorry! Effie shuddered at the thought of the trial now before her, but she went softly from the room, down the broad stairs to the parlor door. One earnest, agonizing prayer for help, and she was face to face with her lover. He met her with words of sincere sympathy, for he had heard of her trouble, and while she stood looking sadly into his face, listening to his tender expressions of regret, her task seemed too hard for her to accomplish.

"You are so pale, Effie," he said, gently. "You will be quite unfit for your voyage if you do so much nursing."

The moment had come. Faint and pale, she could yet command her voice to speak firmly.

"George, I must not go to Brazil."

"Not go!"

"I cannot leave my uncle. Stop! let me speak. Dr. Hall says that he will be crippled, perhaps entirely helpless for life. Think of what he has been to me! I cannot tell you one-half of the devoted love he has poured out upon me. All that I am, I owe to him. Health, love, happiness, are all the result of his care for my forlorn childhood, and now, when he is sick, suffering, and helpless, it is my highest privilege, my dearest blessing to be able to comfort and tend him for the future."

"And am I of no moment, in this future?" he asked, bitterly.

"Not coldly. Do not speak coldly to me, George. It has cost me the severest struggle of my life to lay aside my own selfish pleasure, and your dear love, for this duty, which should be my pleasure too."

The white, pleading face, with its large, sorrowful eyes raised to his face, was verifying every word of this appeal, but he could, as yet, see only his own disappointment, and *his* share of this sudden blow.

"But, Effie, you are mine! Only a few days and you would have been my wife! Think! think if had you lived over these few days before this blow came!"

"Then my duty would have been to you first, but now it is to him!"

"Then you throw me off."

"I free you! Do not let us part in anger, George!"

"Effie, you shall not stand there with a quiet face and tell me calmly that you mean to dash this cup of happiness from my lips, to darken my whole life, to tear away my love."

"George! George, spare me!"

"Do you spare me? You make a plaything of my love. If you mean what you say, you did not, you do not love me as I love you! Effie, speak, tell me you relent! You cannot mean to treat me so cruelly, so falsely."

She stood mute, with a yearning gaze into his face, a strange, hard pressure of her lips together, and a whiteness that was almost deathly.

"Do you know," he continued, passionately, "that, as you stand there with that stony, hard face, you are driving me mad! Can you not speak?"

"George, I have told you why I act as I do. I must let my uncle now be my only charge."

"Effie, I will wait!"

"Wait!" she cried, with a sudden agony, "for what? You cannot mean to let his *life* be the limit of our engagement?"

"You mean that nothing but his death will release you?"

"Nothing!"

"Effie, is this your only word for me, this cruel, harsh sentence!"

O, George, leave me! leave me! Go away and hate me, if you must, for I can say nothing different."

"Effie, are you turned to stone, that you stand there so white and calm to banish me? Am I to go? I may never return, for if I leave here to-day I cannot come again before I sail. If you send me now, it is for the last time."

"Go!" Only one word from those white lips.

He turned to the door and placed his hand upon the handle, then with a sudden, abrupt movement, he strode back across the room and clasped her in his arms.

"Effie! Effie, you do love me. Forgive me for my cruelty. O, my darling, do not send me from you. There is no heart so true to you as mine will be. My little darling! My poor, pale flower! Effie, you will not send me away."

She had borne his harsh reproaches, though each one stabbed her to the heart, but she felt her courage failing under his tender voice, his loving caress.

"You must go!" she whispered.

"No, you cannot mean it, Effie!" and, pressing her to his breast, he showered kisses upon her forehead, cheeks, and lips, while the lov n ; arms held her fast.

"George, you are killing me!" she cried, desperately. "Let me go!"

"Never! You are mine, all mine!" and with his arms still round her he sank down on his knee, his face raised to hers, and so he prayed her not to drive him away. By every fond memory, by her own love, by his passion, he implored her to be his wife; but though the large eyes were dilated with agony, the loving heart faint with weary pain, he could not move her from the resolute stand which her own conscience gave her courage to keep firm.

"O, George! if you ever loved me, let this cease!"

"You drive me away?"

"It must be! I cannot bear this agony of parting, nor hear your voice pleading any longer. Pity me! Spare me! you are breaking my heart!"

"You care nothing for breaking mine!" he said, passionately, springing to his feet. "Do not fear. I will not plead longer. Farewell! You see, madam, I obey you at last;" and, with a mocking bow, he left her.

"Not in anger! George! George!" she cried, staggering forward; but he was gone, and, reeling back, she fell fainting to the ground.

It was long before consciousness returned, and then with a numb, weary pain at her heart, a vague sense of desolation and heavy care, she went to her own room to beg on her knees for support and comfort in her hour of heavy trial. Not with a light heart, but with a new strength and hopefulness, she went again to her uncle's room.

It was weeks before any life returned to that helpless form; but slowly, and by painful exertions, the long-silent voice made itself heard, at first in words singly, then in short, broken sentences. The lower part of the body, from the waist down, never recovered any power or animation, but the arms and fingers regained gradually their motion and feeling. It was spring before he spoke. Effie was reading to him one evening, sure,

by the expression of the loving eyes whose language she so readily interpreted, that he was listening and interested. She stopped at one favorite passage, and looked up for his eyes to show his gratification, when he moved his lips, and with a struggle said in a low tone, "Effie!"

She bent over him, trembling at her great happiness at hearing again the accents she feared were hushed forever.

"Dear, dear uncle!" she said, softly, and again the old man spoke:—

"George?" he questioned.

"He sailed, dear uncle, months ago," she answered, forcing herself to speak calmly. "It is April now, and they left in December. Yes," she continued, answering the question she read in his eyes, "I am here, and happy, very, very happy."

There was an earnestness in her tone, and a look of peace in her eyes, that was an assurance of the perfect truth of her words, and they were true. It was a terrible wrench to send away her lover, but she sought and found consolation in the pure consciousness of duty performed, and with the object of her holy unselfishness constantly claiming her time and love, she filled hands and heart with her work, and gained a true, lasting happiness.

One more shock called the memory of her dream of wedded happiness into a quick, thrilling life of pain, before it was buried away in her heart never to rise again. George Bancroft came home, one year after his departure for Brazil, and, upon his father's resignation of office, was appointed consul in his place. The same newspaper which announced his appointment and his departure, contained a notice of his marriage "to a lady to whom he was engaged at the time of his previous departure, a Miss Laura Marshall, daughter of ——, etc."

The mistake was easily seen in the fact of the near relationship of the ladies, and Effie smiled sadly as she read the editor's comments upon the lady's constancy, during the year of absence.

CHAPTER XI.

Two years have passed, and again we look in upon the home circle at Haresdale. Let me give a few lines to the apartment, before I present the inmates to my reader.

Mr. Marshall, now able to use his arms freely, and speak, slowly, it is true, but still distinctly and clearly, had desired to live in the drawing-room, and it had been fitted up for his convenience. The large windows at the east and west reaching down to the floor, open upon the wide piazza which surrounds the house, and here, in pleasant weather, the invalid can take the air in his large wheeled chair. The grand piano stands between the two west windows, and the whole room has that look of habitation which constant use, taste, and refinement give to an apartment. It is very spacious, but the deep book-case, tables, the large sofa and arm-chair, and the various articles for Effie's use and Mr. Marshall's pleasure, fill it up to a look of comfort and even snugness. Two smaller rooms, at the north and south of the house, open into this one, and these are now turned from library and sitting-room into bedrooms, one for Effie and one for her uncle. A bell-rope, always within reach of her uncle's hand, communicates with a bell in Effie's room, so that she is never out of his call. James, now promoted to the post of valet, has his room beyond Mr. Marshall's, but opening into his bedroom.

The entire prostration of the disease is over, and each day Mr. Marshall can be dressed, placed in the large arm chair, and wheeled into the drawing-room, where every art of Effie's is employed to make the day short and pleasant. Music, reading, conversation, chess, backgammon, or even jack straws are brought out, while there are never wanting the cheerful alacrity and winning smile that prove the young girl's task a labor of love. The only quarrels are jesting ones, when the uncle insists upon the daily exercise so essential to health in this confined life, and Effie threatens to elope some fine day, to pay him for thus banishing her from his side.

And now for a peep at the inmates of this cheerful room. The morning sun is pouring in at one window, throwing its beams over the stand of autumn flowers and the bird-cage, to rest upon the crimson-covered arm-chair of the invalid. This sunlight is his greatest comfort; he basks in it like, Effie says, "a sleepy Italian," and seems to feel better for its cheering warmth and brightness. He is but little changed; somewhat paler, and perhaps thinner, but with the same gentle smile and loving eye that first won Effie's

heart. Accepting his trial as a cross from Heaven, he bears it cheerfully, grateful for the blessings which ameliorate it. It is his niece's pride and occupation to dress that helpless frame in her choicest needlework, and as he sits there in the glowing sunlight, his cashmere dressing gown, velvet slippers, and lounging cap, all show where her busy fingers have embroidered them with exquisite patterns and colors. He is leaning back, looking with a fond smile on the little figure in her old place at his feet.

She is a little paler, too, but there is an expression in her dark eyes, now, that is almost holy in its pure, unselfish holiness. Some of the joyousness of her youth has fled, but the happiness of her life is deepened and strengthened by the knowledge that she has acted from high principle, and while there is the natural soreness in her heart when she thinks of George, it cannot make her sad, when every hour proves how necessary she is to her uncle's comfort and happiness. And so, it is not a sorrowful, woe begone face, but a bright, smiling one that looks up into his.

"Effie, do you remember that it is two years to-day since I became this poor cripple?"

"I remember," she said, softly.

"Two years since these limbs lost all power. Ah, my child, selfish as I was to keep you here, I feel that I could not submit to my burden if I had not my sunbeam here to brighten up my life. My dear, dear child!"

She knelt on the stool to rest her head upon the broad breast which so often pillowed it, and he softly stroked the dark hair, for his heart was very full as he remembered what she had sacrificed for him two years ago.

So Mrs. Lawrence found them, when she came in with a letter for Effie.

"From Beatrice," Effie said, glancing at the signature, and wondering why her sister, who had never before done so, should write to her now. The letter was short, but crushing in its news.

DEAR EFFIE: I write to you as the only unmarried sister, and the one to whom I feel it my duty to look in our present emergency. Mamma has been staying for some months with us, and was yesterday taken very ill. The doctor pronounces her disease *smallpox*. My own duty to my two children makes it imperative for me to avoid her room, and I sent the children to Blanche this morning. I shall leave with Charles this afternoon, to remain with Blanche until the danger of contagion is over. Blanche cannot expose little Carroll to danger, and Laura, as you know, is in Brazil. I think, as you are alone, with no husband or child to tax your time, or suffer from contagion, that it is your duty to go to mamma. One of my girls, who has had the smallpox, will remain until you come, and I should advise haste, as we leave to-day.

Your affectionate sister,

BEATRICE HOLMAN.

"You cannot go!" said Mr. Marshall, as he read this heartless letter.

"Beatrice is right, uncle, it is my duty."

"Your duty!" cried the old man, passionately, "*your* duty! Where is their duty, the pets and idols for whose sakes your childhood was made miserable, and for whom, that they might be provided for, you were driven from your home. *Your* duty! Who, of them all, came to you when for months you watched alone beside a speechless, numbed body, only *alive*, a breathing corpse, to weary, sicken, and torture your loving heart. Who sent one word of comfort to you then? I say you cannot, shall not go!"

"Uncle! Uncle Charles, you terrify me! Your eyes flash, and you tremble from head to foot. You will kill yourself with this agitation!"

"There, there! I am quiet now; but for them to talk to you of *duty*."

"Uncle, you must let me go. She is my mother, sick, perhaps dying, *alone*. Alone! Think of it! I *must* go."

Long, long she pleaded before the reluctant consent was given, but at last it came, not in words to make her sacrifice more bitter, but laying his hand upon her head, Mr. Marshall said, solemnly:—

"Go, and may the blessing of the old man, whose life you have saved from despair, protect you from harm. You are right. May God guard and keep you, bringing you home safely."

There was another long remonstrance from Mrs. Lawrence, but Effie could resist this. She knew that with his old housekeeper and James her uncle would be comfortable, if not happy, and the new call was now the greater duty. A hurried packing, and with many charges, directions for guarding against the contagion, and promises of frequent letters, she started for G—— to take the night cars to Mr. Holman's city home.

She stood upon the piazza of the hotel in G——, waiting for the summons to go to the

depot. It was almost dark, and she strained her eyes to be certain that John was waiting in the carriage, when a hand was placed caressingly upon her shoulder, and a gentle voice said:—

"Effie Marshall, is it not?"

She looked up to see her brother-in-law, Mr. Lovering, who extended both hands to greet her.

"I felt sure that you would come," he said, tenderly; "it was like your unselfish character. It seems wrong to ask you; but you can pardon the mother-love that makes your sisters dread to expose the children to contagion. I cannot tell you how we thank you."

Effie appreciated the kindness that made him speak of her sisters so gently, but there was no time for a word before he continued:—

"I am here to see that you reach your mother in safety. I may be your escort?"

"Oh, how much I thank you," said Effie, warmly, "both in my own name and in Uncle Charles's. His great anxiety will be removed when he knows that I will be under your kind protection. You must excuse me while I write a few lines for John to carry home."

Painful as were the anticipations of the end of her journey, Effie could scarcely feel sufficiently grateful for the delicate attentions and kindness of her companion. He had never seen her since his marriage, but had retained a fond recollection of the soft brown eyes and sincere tone which had welcomed him as her brother. He felt most deeply the sacrifice she was making, as, unconscious of the inference which he was drawing, she spoke of her uncle's love, her happy home, and the peaceful pleasures which she there enjoyed.

It was about noon when the carriage drove up to Mrs. Holman's door; and with a loving embrace and a tearful blessing he bade her good-by, feeling, as the door closed after her, that it was perhaps the last time her gentle voice would ever fall upon his ear, or her soft eyes rest upon his face.

"The Lord be praised, ma'am, that you 're come!" was the salutation of the servant as she closed the door after Effie. "I 'm Mary, if you please, that agreed to stay. Oh, I 've had the sickness meeself, ma'am; and I know the dreadful time a body would have alone in it, and I hadn't the heart to go. But it 's thankful I am to see ye. The doctor 's there, now, if you 'll go up. Stop! give me your bonnet and cloak; I 'll lay them on the bed in Mrs. Holman's room, that I 've got ready for you. When he 's gone, I 'll have some coffee for you, and something to eat after your long journey."

"I do not want it," said Effie, feeling her heart throbbing almost to suffocation.

"Now," said Mary, earnestly, "it 's not for the likes of me to be advising you, but do not begin your nursing too fierce. You must eat, and you must rest, or you 'll be sick too, and no good to poor Mrs. Marshall at all."

"Mary! Mary!" was called in a subdued tone from the second story.

"I 'll go!" said Effie, and she went softly up the stairs.

A middle-aged man met her in the entry, and with outstretched hands she sprang forward.

"Dr. Lee! Oh, I am so glad you are here! Is she better?"

"Eh! eh! can it be possible that this is Effie. You are to be head nurse, then?"

"Yes, I have come to stay here!"

"Vaccinated?"

"Yes, only last spring."

"Did it take?"

"Yes."

"Come in, then! Now, my child, you have a terrible task, but there seems no help for it. I can send you a nurse to assist you, but I think Mary is better; she is attached to Mrs. Marshall. Some old kindness, I believe, makes her your mother's devoted servant. I shall be here as often as I can, oftener, perhaps, than is absolutely necessary, so you must not let the frequency of my visits alarm you."

A long minute list of directions followed this preface, and then, with a few kindly words of praise for her quiet attention and peace of mind, the doctor left the little nurse alone with her patient.

She was not asleep as Effie softly approached the bedside, but lay in a heavy stupor. Her thick black hair was tossed in tangled masses on the pillow, and her eyes were partially closed. Deep, almost groaning respirations came from the heaving bosom, but she lay perfectly motionless. Effie felt a terrible sick loathing come over her as she saw the frightful marks of the disease on the once beautiful face, and the soiled bed linen and disorder of all around her, but one stern self-upbraiding, one effort of will, and she conquered the weakness. She dared not to rouse her mother

by arranging the bed, but, moving noiselessly to and fro, she put the room in order, arranging all the dishes, cups, and vials in order for removal or stay, and making the long apprenticeship she had served at her uncle's bedside useful in this emergency.

I cannot detail the weeks of nursing which followed; such nursing as the strongest heart and nerves might shudder to contemplate, and pray never to encounter. No pen can write, no tongue tell the sickening weariness of the post, when this loathsome disease is to be nursed. Wild delirium alternated with stupor, and Effie lost the only comfort she could have hoped for, the love or gratitude of the patient. Watchful nights succeeded weary days, for all Mary's entreaties failed to make the young nurse take more repose than was absolutely necessary in order to keep the heavy eyelids open when required. The roses, which were her Uncle Charles's pride and boast, faded away in the close, pestilential air, and the heavy, dark rings of her childhood came again round the brown eyes. The springing step grew more heavy in its noiseless round of duties, and the light form wasted slowly. She had no face nor voice to cheer her, save the doctor's and Mary's, but the long, loving letters from her uncle were varied by a kind note every few days from Mr. Lovering, and sometimes the same thoughtful love sent flowers to cheer the patient nurse.

It was one cold afternoon in November that the overtasked strength seemed first to give way. She had been unable even to taste the carefully prepared dinner which Mary's kindness provided, and, as she again entered the sick room, she felt a numbing faintness stealing over her. Her mother lay very quiet, in the stupor which followed the more violent delirium, and she threw herself upon the lounge to avoid falling from faintness. It was not sleep, for she heard every sound and word, but she felt powerless to move or speak. Mary whispered to her: "That 's right, honey! try to sleep! It 's worn out you are altogether." The long lapse of semi-unconsciousness which succeeded was broken by the doctor's voice.

"Where is Effie?"

"She is asleep, sir!"

She felt his fingers on her wrist a moment later, and heard his "too quick! too quick!" but she could not speak. A heavy hand seemed pressing on her brain, and her whole frame felt torpid and heavy.

"Mary, can you give me a bed here to-night?" she heard the doctor inquire.

"Yes, indeed, sir! Miss Effie takes what sleep she has there, where she lies now. She 's not had her clothes off excepting just to change them since she came, and that 's five weeks yesterday."

"Poor child! poor child!" said the doctor, tenderly. "Mary! to-night will probably see the end of this nursing."

"Mrs. Marshall, sir!" gasped Mary.

"Dying!"

The word started the life current in Effie's veins into fierce action. With one bound she was on her feet, and another instant brought her to the bedside. With the word ringing in her ears, she stood scanning the wasted face, the large, staring eyes; listened to the fluttering, painful breathing, read in each and all, the dread truth of the doctor's words. He tried to draw her away, but she shook him off, never moving her eyes from her mother's face. Suddenly the large eyes moved, and a faint dawning of reason, the first in the weary sickness, came into them.

"Blanche! Beatrice! my children!" whispered the mother.

Trembling, but gently, Effie said:—

"I am here, dear mother, Effie!"

"Effie! Ah! I was not right to send Effie away!"

"I am here, mother!"

"Have I been sick, Effie?"

"Very sick!"

"Yes, yes! I remember! They said it was smallpox," and she shuddered. "So they all went away! All went away! Effie, is Effie here? Did Effie stay? Ah, that was a good child. God will bless her!" and a faint whisper, a sobbing cry, and the child was motherless.

She realized that with lightning-like rapidity. A dull, rumbling sound in her ears; the room seemed rocking like huge billows under her feet; she felt a strong arm raise her from the floor, and then all was blank.

She remembered nothing for days, until the first reasoning sensation found her lying in bed, in a large, cool room, with a weak, tired feeling. She tried to rise, but found no strength to do so. The effort, however, brought some one to her side, and, with a low cry of joy, she recognized Mrs. Lawrence.

All came back in an instant, her mother's illness and death, and she knew that she must have been unconscious or delirious.

"Yes, honey, I am here!" said Mrs. Lawrence, in answer to her whispered question. "Don't fret. Your uncle got uneasy after two weeks had passed without your letter, and he sent me on to see about you. Sick enough I found you. No! don't fret about that, there 's no danger. They 've fumigated the house, and you 're only clean worn out, no smallpox about you. Your sister, she 's gone off south, and Mrs. Lovering too, for the winter; and now, dear heart, you know all about it, so just shut your eyes and try to sleep."

With Mrs. Lawrence, Mary, and Dr. Lee to nurse and tend her, Effie grew daily stronger and better, till, from the short ride made longer each day, the doctor pronounced her strong enough to travel. Mary begged so hard for permission to accompany her to Haresdale, that Mrs. Lawrence promised to find her a place in the household, and the whole trio started for home.

CHAPTER XII.

"TWENTY-FIVE! The first old maid's corner turned to-day," said Effie, as she laughingly kissed her uncle, one bright January morning.

They were seated in the cheerful drawing-room, but two new inmates are added to the circle. One, a little girl of three, is standing near the window, and from the attitude and the soft lids falling over the eyes, one reads her painful story. She is blind! Close beside her, his arm around her, his hand clasped in hers, stands her brother, one year older, whose noble face and vigorous figure both speak of his physical strength, while his tender eyes and gentle touch show how he has learned to subdue it for his little sister's weakness. It is a touching, beautiful group.

Two years have passed since the shipwreck of the Albatross left these little ones orphans.

Their parents brought them from Brazil, fearing the effect of the climate on their health, and Aunt Blanche put them in the same nursery with Carroll. Returning to their southern home, George and Laura were lost in the ill-fated Albatross.

Few words were needed to gain Uncle Charles's consent to the adoption of the children by their Aunt Effie, and with a world of tender memories in her heart, she took them home, promising, in prayerful sincerity, to cherish and love them.

So the summers fade and the winters pass, and still Effie Marshall brings a smiling face, a loving heart, and ready hand to her many duties. Her uncle's comfort and treasure in his crippled age, her nephew's teacher and her niece's tender guide. She has performed no brilliant feat, and few, out of the home circle, have heard her name; yet, on the recording angel's book will be read her highest praise—"She hath done what she could."

THE CASKET OF TEMPERANCE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

(Pearl the Fifth.)

THE LESSON OF THE CATARACT.

I.

AT GRAND ISLAND.

HERE, where the placid river flows along
To the smooth measure of a pleasant song;
Here, where the tribute from the inland lakes
Its stately passage to Ontario makes;
Here, typifying life, whose tide flows on
Until the haven of its rest is won;
Here, where the ceaseless waves forever rhyme
To Hope's sweet music, or to Memory's chime;
Here, standing at the river's edge, the eye
Takes in the wave, the wood, the sun, the sky—
Here we, in studious mood, where'er we turn,
May the first lesson of the cataract learn.
Life, like a river, through defiles of years
Flows ever on, a tide of hopes and fears;
But in the distance, rising through the gloom,
The fatal rapids of Intemperance loom—
Here, all is fair; life beautified by love,
The balmy air around, blue sky above;
The river's ripple and the pine-tree's sound,
All these combine to cast their spell around;
Here safety spreads her wings—a shield from harm;
Here peace abides in a perpetual calm;
Here plenty, queen-crowned, sits upon the plain,
And here the old dream we revive again
Of that fair island, fabled as the blest,
Where mortals revel in eternal rest,
As long as, heedless of the flowing tide,
They on this island rest content to bide;
Though tempted by low music from afar
Where lost Atlantic and Utopia are,
If on contentment's confines they repose,
Their years shall pass without life's cares or woes.
To Temperance true as to the eternal pole
The needle—Circe may her brimming bowl
Lift up and charm not, though her spell she throw
With skill the ancient ages failed to know.

II.

THE RAPIDS.

But, if the restless spirit of the youth
Forsakes the lessons of unchanging truth,

And, launched upon the tide, seeks from the wave
New glory—better they had found a grave
In earlier years; for though at first the stream
Glides on as thoughts glide noiseless through a dream,
Between green banks and 'neath a sunny sky,
A low, dull sound reveals the rapids nigh;
And here and there the white capped waves betray
The pulses of a monster now at bay;
But who, ere smoother seas are gained, shall be
Sole arbiter of their dark destiny,
Who yield to passion, or demands of pride,
And ask no counsel that they will abide;
But, step by step, they to the rapids run,
All heedless of the journey thus begun;
Awake to what they have forever lost,
Their bark upon the foam-lashed wave is tost;
Awake to what must on their future wait,
They hurry forward to their certain fate;
And, in the distance, fades the happy isle,
Where hope and happiness forever smile.

III.

THE THREE SISTERS.

What though the little tree-crowned islands three
(Take them in token of our Trinity,
Of Faith, of Love, and of Fidelity)
Warn them of danger, crying, Enter here,
Where yet is safety; come, and have no fear;
Dash back the torrent, speed thee to the shore,
And rest contented with thy lot once more.
Not—as of old—to enjoy life's primal bliss,
But better, better far than end like this.
Here thou shalt ever listen to the roar,
And learn the lesson you refused before;
Here, it had been well-nigh too late to see
The madness of a self-sought misery;
Here, it had been well-nigh too late to know
How near, and yet escaping, you could go;
Here, it had been well-nigh too late to take
Safe passage to the haven for love's sake.
And ye who will not—in your madness—see!
The record some have read is here for thee!
Upon the tower that stands upon the ledge
That leans well over the dark cataract's edge,
See written there, as by the hand of fate,
The sign of sorrow in the words *Too Late.*
Too late! too late! there was a time to save!
Too late! too late! no strength can stem the wave!
There was a time, far up the rapids, when
The danger could be shunned; but then, but then,
Ye would not listen to the warnings sent,
And now, there 's nothing left but punishment.
Too late! too late! The hands that would have held
You back, you in your pride of power repelled;
And now, no strength can stay the tide that sweeps
To where the water to the cataract leaps!
Beyond the prayers that would your steps recall,
Ye hasten with the waters to the Fall;
Down the dark gulf to go, and on the stones
To fall and die! while high above the tones
And roar of the great cataract of crime
Rises a wail that fills the air of time
With echoes that forever, ever flow
To fill the ocean of unfathomed wo.

So, so the rapids of Intemperance run;
So, fair at first, life's journey is begun;
The Lakes of Temperance their freightage send
Down tides whose banks with living verdure bend;
But in the distance still the rapids lie,
And men will taste, and drink, and curse, and die.
But not alone they go! they carry there
The young, the innocent, the good, the fair—
The freightage of the heart—more precious far
Than all the jewels of the Indies are.
They in their madness never seek to know
The blight that follows in the paths they go!
So deep they in the rapids sink, they see
Naught but the wine-cup dancing there in glee!
Bubbling and seething in delirious bliss,
They take the curse clothed in the tempter's kiss.
And what to them if darkened home and hearth
Bespeak the sorrow that exists on earth?
And what to them if forms they once deemed fair
Lie clothed in ashes, dumb in their despair?
The love that blessed them in the long ago
They bartered for the wine cup's sparkling glow;
The hopes they cherished in the by-gone years
Lie wrecked upon the sea of woman's tears;
The faith that lit up ways once dim and dark,
Shines out no more—the Pharos of the ark;
The truth they cherished for its own sweet sake
They buried fathoms deep in Lethe's lake—
And now, no more for them the paths that lie
Through sunny fields beneath Arcadia's sky;
No more for them, whose hearts are out of tune,
The fragrance of the blossoms of the June;
No more for them the paths that gently slope
Along the bank where runs the stream of Hope;
No more for these the pleasant thoughts that come
To nestle in the circle of their home—
All gone, all gone! and ruin broods above
The spot once beautiful through life by love;
All gone, and desolation and decay
Sit crowned about the drunkard's darkened way;
All gone, and only Memory to show
Her mournful picture on the walls of wo!
So, so the rapids of Intemperance run;
So, so the work of ruin is begun,
And so progresses to the very end,
And shrouding wife, child, lover, husband, friend.
The babe sucks poison from its mother's breast,
And old age grasps the wine-cup with the rest;
They in their innocence, these in their guilt
And manhood, conscious of the blood thus spilt,
And womanhood, encrowned with glory, yet
Learning the lessons they may not forget
As long as memory, to her mission just,
Keeps the soul conscious of its loss of trust;
Spreading her coverlet of sin and shame
Over a life lost both to love and fame.

Ye, who, apart from fancy or from fact,
Would heed the Lesson of the Cataract—
Take to your thoughts these truths thus crudely given;
In Time's wheat-measure be the little leaven;
See all around you feet that downward go!
See all about you lives that daily flow
Towards the Rapids and the Cataract,
And oh, my brothers, sisters, rise and act!

TIME, with all its celerity, moves slowly on to him whose whole employment is to watch its flight.

GOING WEST.

BY MRS. JAMES ——.

Cousin Fanny had made a love match, and the hymenial torch only awaited the close of the winter's course of medical lectures to be lighted.

Aunt Harriet enacted the "cruel parient" of course, and showered a perfect hailstorm of invectives on the devoted head of her erring, ungrateful daughter; but little Miss Fanny was about as decided a piece of crinoline as her elder ladyship, and came out of the breakers in safety with colors flying at the masthead. Uncle John, too, though he seldom interfered in family affairs, came boldly to the rescue, gave his consent when the young man asked it, vowed his daughter should do as she pleased, as he did when he got married, said a great many sensible things to madame on her match-making propensities, worship of mammon, etc., till, finally, she retreated from the field defeated, and yet not subdued. For though Harry was granted the freedom of the house as became a son-in-law, in prospect, yet poor Fan was subject to a great deal of raillery, and very pointed satire, exceedingly provoking, and, though no Job, I assure you she bore it well.

Aunt Harriet, however, felt much better over it, when Harry, having received a letter from a friend in Kansas, advising him that his home, a thriving village, was without a physician, resolved to emigrate. Yes, she had rather have her daughter many miles away, than that she should settle down at home without an elegant establishment; she should be *so mortified* before her friends, though for her own part—and she regarded menacingly the younger branches of the house of Young—she would prefer to have her remain a sad example to her sisters. The winter passed quickly away, and it was now but two weeks till the appointed flitting. We were deep in the mysteries of the bridal *trousseau*, a plain one comparatively, for "what's the use?" said mamma, "she 'll only display it to the Indians." "Let it be in high colors, then; I want to make a good impression!" said the imperturbable Fanny.

"I believe I 'll go too," said I, looking up from my embroidery.

"You," shrieked both ladies in a breath; but not on the same key, by any means; Aunt Harriet's being decidedly the shriller, and ending in the first speech.

"You, the heiress, leave all the gayeties of city life, the prospect of a brilliant season at the springs, to bury yourself in that never before heard of little western village?"

"Really, Sue, you had better not think of it. Harry says there will be innumerable hardships to endure," and the bride expectant put on a self-sacrificing air, strikingly in contrast with her piquant, saucy face.

"And you want to monopolize the heroics. Selfish creature! You sha'n't do it. I 'm going; I 'm tired of the city, weary of the restraints of fashionable life, disgusted with adulation, which is given only to my money, *not myself;* sick of the company and conversation of the idle popinjays, who hang around me in hopes of marrying a fortune. I want change; I want to see if there is not something better to do in this world than follow the idle routine of folly. I have not moral courage to cast off the shackles here, but in the far west I can do as I please. Yes, I 'm going! Suppose I play Biddy. Harry says you will find servants scarce. Come, let me help you study that cook book," said I, mischievously, exposing Fanny's cherished secret—"Miss Leslie on Cookery."

Well, I was my own mistress, and nobody dare gainsay my wishes! So, when the happy day arrived, I was ready to depart. The solemn ceremony was soon over; the bridegroom looking exultant and happy; the bride, tearful and blushing. Papa pleased, and yet sorrowful, for his eldest daughter was his favorite; mamma very important, and yet there was a sad look about the eyes that told the mother-heart was still warm 'neath all the cold exterior, which pride, love of show, and keeping up appearances beget. An elegant breakfast was provided for the dear "five hundred," who crowded to congratulate, and then we were off to the train, and soon whirling away as fast as steam could carry us on.

My friends in the new found relation seemed

inclined to be shy and silent, and I found enjoyment in looking around at my fellow-passengers, wondering how many would continue with us to our journey's end: but very few indeed. A long trip resembles the journey of life; of those who begin it together, many turn aside to seek a different pathway, others have but a brief career, like unto those who stop at the way stations.

What an elegant place for the study of the human face divine. Here sat a man with vice stamped upon his countenance; there several who were marked with love of pleasure; a little farther down, several tittering girls, whose faces bore no character at all. Just across the aisle is one specimen of a true man; what a wide forehead, free from wrinkles! Such a kindly eye and beaming countenance; his bump of benevolence is highly developed. See! he has relieved that weary looking woman of her heavy child, a bright, keen-looking little fellow, whose face is now wreathed in smiles at the present of an orange by his kind entertainer. He must be a "pater" himself, he understands child nature so well. How swiftly moves the iron horse, the second day we were steaming over the vast prairies of Indiana and of Illinois. What a strange sensation, somewhat resembling that of sailing on the ocean, a vast expanse of sky and land. For a long time, I enjoyed looking forth over the interminable sameness, but one tires of the monotony, and I began to be lonesome. Fanny's spirits seemed to have deserted her, and Harry was so taken up with his treasure, that poor me stood away in the background, only receiving an occasional aside. To speak the truth, a young married couple on their bridal journey are not the most excellent company in the world. I began to be decidedly lonesome; there was nothing to look at outside; even the squatters' cabins went flying by so quickly, I could not even get a glimpse of the little squatters.

To my great relief, the knight of the genial countenance, compassionating my condition, I suppose, and considering me equally an object for the exercise of his benevolent bump, with the baby aforementioned, turned and addressed me with a very common-place remark about the scenery, to which I gladly returned a very common-place answer. There passed between us two or three more common-places about climate, the comforts and discomforts of travelling by rail, from that to the modes of conveyance in the olden time, in which my companion displayed an uncommonly well stored mind. Then he related amusing incidents of his own travelling experience, which aroused even the newly married, and so well entertained us all, that we were almost sorry when the train stopped at Chicago, where we were to spend the night.

However, we were aroused from our slumbers before daylight by the cry "railroad," and after a hurried breakfast, and an omnibus jolt to settle it, reached the depot just in time.

It was quite amusing now to see the sleepy-headed settle themselves again to resume the slumbers from which they had been so abruptly aroused. My smiling contemplation of the numerous open countenances around me was interrupted by a pleasant voice saying, "Good morning, we are still fellow voyageurs I see."

Harry informed *him*, for it was the knight of the genial countenance, of our destination.

"Indeed! then we are to be fellow townsmen as well. L—— has been my residence for some years. May I inquire your name?" handing his own card at the same time.

Harry passed over the shining new piece of pasteboard—"Harry Waldo, M.D."

"Ah! you are the young physician of whom I have heard my friend Edgarton speak; glad to see you on your way; we need your services very much, but—" and he looked inquiringly at us, whom Harry then introduced as "Mrs. Waldo and Miss Whiting."

"How will the ladies like pioneer life?"

Harry and Fanny exchanged affectionate glances, and I thought I detected a smile in Mr. Bentley's eye as I replied:—

"Oh, we have made up our minds that we shall have much to endure, and have resolved to be equal to every emergency."

"The proper spirit, certainly; but you will be called upon, I fear, to make more sacrifices than you imagine. Only think of it, no operas!"

"We can sing," said Fanny.

"No theatre, no fashionable promenade."

"We shall roam o'er the prairies."

"But there will be no grand balls; in fact, no public places of display.

"We have renounced the pomps and vanities of the world. Cousin Sue, make that pretty speech you made to mamma about frivolousness, waste of time, and all that."

"You are young to have discovered the hollowheartedness of the fashionable world, Miss Whiting," said Mr. Bentley, like a true knight covering my confusion. "I discovered that years ago."

"You do not look so *very* ancient," said unconscionable Fanny."

"Ah, Mrs. Waldo! do not make light of my weight of years, though they have not silvered my hair nor bowed down my frame. But you do not look as if much acquainted with household duties. What will you do in a place where you cannot even find help?"

Now it was my turn. "She has been studying cookery for three months, sir, and considers herself fully prepared to act well her part."

Both gentlemen smiled, while the little lady replied: "Answer for yourself, Miss Whiting, but you won't laugh when you see the fine table I shall spread. Are there any Indians in Kansas, Mr. Bentley?"

The subject, thus abruptly changed, glided off into an easy conversation, and hereafter our party consisted of four instead of three. No. 4 proved himself a very valuable addition; having travelled the road frequently before, he was able to point out all places of interest along the route.

Arrived at St. Joseph, we shook off the car cramp, and with a sense of relief took the steamboat for Leavenworth, where we arrived in safety after stranding on numerous sandbars with which that river evidently abounds. The bed, being quicksand, is continually shifting, so that a pilot can never learn the soundings. We reached Leavenworth just at dark, and found elegant accommodations at the "Planters'," then just built.

"I am very sorry," said Mr. Bentley, next morning, as he assisted us into the stage coach, in which we were to "penetrate the interior," that I shall be detained here for a week. I should like to see how my little friend bears up under the beginning of troubles."

And beginning of troubles it was. The roads in dry weather are excellent; but recent rains had made them rough, and we went jolt, jolt, from one side to the other. "Oh, my bonnet! my love of a bonnet," said Fanny; "it will be spoilt entirely!"

"Not more so than my complexion," answered I. "Oh, this wind! I wonder if it always blows so in Kansas!"

The days were pleasant compared with the nights. The prairies of Kansas are rolling, with strips of woodland along the streams, and occasionally we had a smooth road to ride on. But at night, the little hotels, built in a hurry to accommodate the immense tide of emigration, were anything but pleasant lodging places. Luckily we were only two nights on the way, and, at the end of the third day's staging, arrived at the end of our journey. The first sight of L—— considerably damped Mrs. Waldo's expectations, for, in spite of all that had been said upon the subject, she had persisted in imagining a beautiful villa of gothic cottages, such as surround large cities, and are the summer homes of citizens.

Mr. Edgarton's house was small, and only partly finished at that; but his busy little wife was an excellent housekeeper, and we were quite charmed with their style of living, and so eager were we to do likewise, that could things have been in readiness we should have commenced housekeeping the next day. But it was necessary to have a house before we could keep it, and the only one to be found consisted of three rooms and an attic (devoted to your humble servant), not all together as large as one of Aunt Harriet's parlors.

"This is 'love in a cottage' with a vengeance," said Harry, after trying in vain to get in half the furniture provided by Uncle John, and by his foresight sent before us.

Fanny and I found that scrubbing and scouring made sad havoc with white hands; but then we enjoyed it; novelties always please children, you know. The third or fourth day we began to think of doing our own cooking. We had been until then the guests of our friend, Mrs. Edgarton. Alas, for cook-book knowledge! it proved as useless as our superabundant furniture. The trouble was, we didn't have, and couldn't get all the ingredients; but we had two prairie chickens, and resolved to begin on them. The first thing, of course, was to remove the feathers; but how to do it. We each took one and began; pulling out feathers one at a time is slow work. At last, in despair, I went over to Mrs. Edgarton's, and returned with the important information that they must be scalded. We found the operation easier, only my colleague scalded her hand as well as the chicken. She bore it, though, with true Spartan firmness, and, compressing her lips, and flourishing the butcher-knife, was about to sever a joint, when the knife slipped and cut

her finger. This capped the climax, and she burst into tears. "Boo-oo-oo, I wish I hadn't come. Boo-oo-oo, I wish I was at home."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed a familiar voice. "I thought it would be so," and Mr. Bentley stood in the open door way, heartily enjoying our discomfiture.

"Biddy Maloney, at your service, sir," said I, courtesying.

"Well, Biddy, do you get some linen and bind up your mistress' wounds while I attend to this."

It was now our turn to laugh, for he actually dressed those chickens, made us some light biscuit and elegant cake, explaining each process in so simple a manner, that we felt assured we could do it ourselves next time. Harry coming in soon, found us in high glee; and Mr. Bentley explained that he had kept bachelor's hall on his claim during the intervals of court (he was District Judge), and had learned to do all these things for himself.

But need I tell of the pleasant year that followed. Household cares and household pleasures, long rides over the prairie on horseback, evenings at home, spent in reading and singing, finally, moonlight *tête-à-têtes;* and, lastly, a visit east; the party consisted of three. Harry couldn't leave his patients, and Fan was No. 3 this time.

P. S. Judge Bentley didn't know that he 'd married an heiress, until Uncle John began to talk of settlements.

DIFFICULTIES.

It is weak to be scared at difficulties, seeing that they generally diminish as they are approached, and oftentimes even entirely vanish. No man can tell what he can do till he tries. It is impossible to calculate the extent of human powers; it can only be ascertained by experiment. What has been accomplished by parties and by solitary individuals in the torrid and the frozen regions, under circumstances the most difficult and appalling, should teach us that, when we ought to attempt, we should not despair. The reason why men oftener succeed in overcoming uncommon difficulties than ordinary ones, is, that in the first case they call into action the whole of their resources, and that in the last they act upon calculation, and generally undercalculate. Where there is no retreat, and the whole energy is forward, the chances are in favor of success, but a backward look is full of danger. Confidence of success is almost success, and obstacles often fall of themselves before a determination to overcome them. There is something in resolution which has an influence beyond itself, and it marches on like a mighty lord amongst its slaves; all is prostration where it appears. When bent on good, it is almost the noblest attribute of man; when on evil, the most dangerous. It is by habitual resolution that men succeed to any great extent; impulses are not sufficient. What is done at one moment, is undone the next; and a step forward is nothing gained unless it is followed up.

MUCH WISDOM IN LITTLE.

Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks ill of you, let your life be so that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquillity of mind. Never play at any kind of game at chance. Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never run in debt, unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak ill of any one.

The Prime Rules of Life.—Trust in God; distrust thyself; act with propriety; pray with sincerity; use small things, and shun the great; hear much, say little; be silent as to things hidden; learn to spare an inferior, to yield to a superior, and to bear an equal.

THE FAMILY DRAWING MASTER.

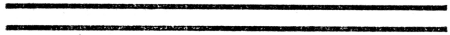
IN A SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS.

ANGLES.

P. Well! Have you found out how to tell me when lines are parallel?

Ion. Yes; we have all agreed about it. This is quite *true*, and you can't deny it:—

When two horizontal lines are at an equal distance from each other in all parts, they are *parallel*. We have made two lines.



Now, if you measure from any part of the top line—either at the beginning, the end, or the middle—you will find it to be always at exactly the same distance from the bottom line. So the two lines are parallel.

W. And now, we can tell you why two lines may have the same direction and not be parallel. These two are in the same direction,

but they are not in the right position, because they have changed their position, their parts—the beginning, middle, and end—are not at the same distance from each other. See how much nearer what I call the inside ends are to each other than the outside ends.

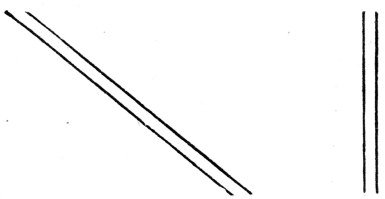
Ion. So now you see, papa, why we say they must be at an equal distance from each other in all parts.

P. But you have forgotten to say that they must be in the same direction.

L. No, we did not forget it, papa, but we thought we *need not* say it; because, if they are at the same distance from each other in all parts, they *must* be in the same direction.

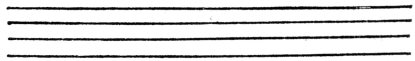
Ion. We made one mistake; I need not have said that two horizontal lines are parallel.

W. No, I thought of that! Because oblique lines may be parallel, and so may perpendicular lines. See!



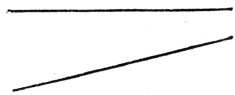
L. Yes; it does not matter in what direction the lines are placed, so long as they are in the same direction.

Ion. And I ought not to have said two lines, because any number of lines may be parallel, so—



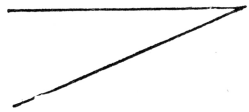
just like the lines in your ciphering-book.

P. Now let us begin again with two lines. These two are not parallel.



so you may call them *non*-parallel lines (*non* is the Latin word for not). Suppose you make each of these lines a little longer at both ends.

L. Then they will make a point. Look!



P. Yes, the lines make a point; but what do you call the space between the lines?

W. Do you mean the space inside the lines, papa? I call that a corner.

P. Well, that is a very good name for it, but not quite correct. I will give you a better one—call it an *Angle*. Now tell me what is an angle?

W. Stop, let me think a minute, papa. Here it is. An angle is the corner between two lines—the space.

Ion. Or, here is a better word. The opening between two lines; for they begin at a point, and open wider and wider.

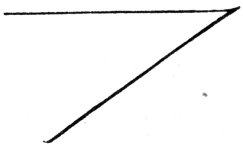
L. Well, now, I will say what it is exactly: An angle is the opening between two lines which meet in a point.

P. If you would like to remember more names, I will tell you some. The point of the angle is called its *vertex;* and the lines are its *legs*.

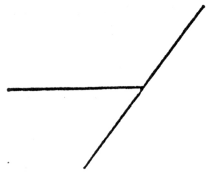
L. Thank you, papa; I will remember that. An angle is made of vertex and legs.

P. How many angles do you think you can make with two lines?

W. One, I suppose.



P. Think again, Willie. Here is an angle. Now I will make its oblique line a little longer.



W. Oh! the two lines have made two angles. Please let me make the horizontal line a little longer, to see what it will do. Why, there are four angles!

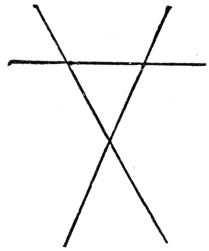
Ion. Yes, but they cross each other. Well, that is worth remembering; I will make a rule about it: When two straight lines meet, they form either one or two angles, and when they cross each other they form four angles.

W. There! I have caught you again. You should have said two straight lines in different directions; for, see—

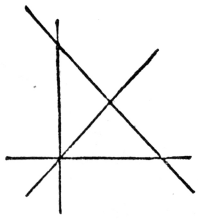
directly these two meet they will form no angles—not one or two.

P. Let me see how many angles you can make with three lines.

Ion. I have made twelve.

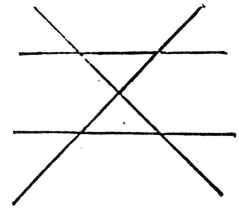


P. Now take your slates, sit down, and try how many angles you can make with four lines.



W. I have made eighteen. See!

L. I have made twenty.



P. You may arrange them in a better way still, and form twenty-four angles. Suppose you try and do so before the next lesson. Try, now, and see how many angles you can make with five lines.

L. I have made thirty-seven.

P. If you try, you will find that you can make forty; and with six lines you can form sixty angles. There will be some work for you—try and do these also before the next lesson. Now, make a lesson. Indeed, we must make two lessons, for we have lost time.

LESSONS 2, 3.—Lines and Angles.

Lines have three different directions, the *horizontal*, *perpendicular*, and *oblique*.

When lines are at an equal distance from each other in all parts, they may be lengthened to any extent without meeting, and are *parallel*.

When lines which are not parallel are lengthened, they will meet, and will form one or two angles, or they will cross and will form four angles.

Three lines will form twelve angles.

Four lines will form twenty-four angles.

Five lines will form forty angles.

And six lines will form sixty angles.

P. Tell me any object you may observe in this room which has four angles.

L. The panes of glass; the panels of the door; the ceiling; the floor; the books on the cheffonier; the dining-table; some of the picture-frames; the desk, and mamma's work-box. There are plenty of things with four angles, but I cannot see any with five or six.

The harmony and happiness of life, in man or woman, consists in finding in our vocations the employment of our highest faculties, and of as many of them as can be brought into action.

FANNY'S BAIT.

BY BELLE RUTLEDGE.

"I SAY, Paul, I 'm confounded sick of staying here in the city this stifling hot weather! What say for taking a run into the country?"

"I should like it, of all things, Dick. This being confined to the sight of brick and mortar walls, with the thermometer up to ninety in the shade, is enough to make one sigh for a breath of fresh air from scented clover fields and a glimpse of the pure blue sky," was the answer.

"Well, then, agreed, Paul! We 'll start to-morrow. I have an uncle living up in Vermont, in just the pleasantest spot I ever saw—a large, rambling farm-house, with a deep forest near by, where we can shoot, and a river with plenty of fish; and then he has pretty daughters besides. I 'll warrant you a pleasant trip up to Uncle George's—and who knows but that Mr. Paul Vincent, the fastidious connoisseur of female beauty, may lose his heart to one of my rosy country cousins before his return?"

But Paul Vincent only drew up his handsome form, and swept back the thick masses of wavy dark hair from his broad forehead, saying:—

"Don't fear for my heart, Richard! I never saw the lady yet who could fill it; and, though no doubt your fair cousins are pretty, and all that, still, you know me too well to form any plans of that sort. No matrimony for me this many a year!"

"Oh, well, Paul, you 'll be caught some day by a witch of a thing, who will tear to tatters all your fine ideas about matrimony and so forth, with her spicy words and saucy airs!" laughed Richard, rising; "but I must be off, now. Pack up your portmanteau to-night, and I 'll be around early in the morning; for we 'd better take the first train east, in order to get to my Uncle Randall's before night."

"Yes, I 'll be ready!" replied Paul; and so his friend departed.

Richard Warner and Paul Vincent were intimate friends, having been classmates in college, and graduated with equal honors from their Alma Mater. Richard was practising law in the city; and Paul, though the heir of wealth, still sat at the mercantile desk where his deceased father had acquired a fortune.

On the next morning the two friends seated themselves in the railway car, and were borne rapidly away from the hot, dusty city, into the pleasant, open country; refreshed with the varied glimpses of green fields and sparkling waters, past which they were whirled along. At nightfall they arrived at their journey's end, having ridden some twenty miles in the stage-coach after leaving the railway; and, both tired and hungry, they presented themselves at the farm-house door of Mr. George Randall, where they were received with hearty welcomes.

"I 'm sorry, Richard," said his aunt, "that the girls have gone over to Windsor, to their cousins', on a visit. They went only this morning, and will be away a week or more. How unlucky! but you must stay till they come back—you and your friend."

"Yes, Aunt Lucy, we will place ourselves under your hospitalities for a little period, for we left town for a rest and enjoyment; and, if it 's to be had anywhere, we shall find it here, I know!" replied her nephew.

Farmer Randall soon made his appearance from the field, and welcomed the young men with a hearty shake of the hand.

"So, then, Nephew Dick, I 'm glad you 've not forgotten us!" he said.

"No, Uncle Randall; nor the fine trout fishing in your river, nor the good game in your woods. My friend Paul is a capital shot, and he 's going to try his luck up here," answered the young man.

"Well, we do have plenty of game here, Mr. Vincent—pigeons a' plenty, and now and then some duck; and many o' your city folks come up here to try their luck," said the farmer.

"I declare, Dick," said Paul, as the two wended their steps homeward at the close of a sultry day about a week after their arrival—"I declare, this is the best part of New England; and one would be almost tempted to leave the city, and settle in some such spot—that is, during the summer season. There

is rational enjoyment to be found here. A farmer's life, after all, is not to be despised, for he is independent, and enjoys vigorous health, which is the foundation of all happiness."

"Yes, Paul, I know it, and am very glad that your opinions have undergone a change; for you did not formerly express yourself so in regard to a country life. I think a farmer, who is intelligent and in easy circumstances, a very happy and independent man. But we must hasten back to Uncle George's, for there are heavy clouds coming up in the west; and, if I'm not much mistaken, we shall catch a sprinkling before we get home!"

The young men quickened their steps; but they were yet full half a mile from the farm-house when the rain began to fall in torrents, and, completely drenched, they reached the house at a full run. Paul, in advance of Dick, sprang into the entry, nearly upsetting a young girl who was passing from one room to another with a pitcher of milk in her hand.

"Pardon! excuse me, madam!" said Paul, as he glanced at the face of the girl. "In my haste to escape the shower, I did not notice that any one was here!"

"Ah, certainly, sir. No harm is done," she replied, smiling.

"Alice, Cousin Alice!" cried Dick, who just then came in, "glad you've returned; though I can't say I'm glad to meet you in such a plight as *this!*" glancing at his dripping garments. "But you see, Alice, it is raining slightly fast out; and my friend, here, and I were unlucky enough to be caught in it. But allow me to make you acquainted with my friend, Mr. Paul Vincent, known as one of the most fastidious gentlemen in all Boston, who, I dare say, is deeply mortified at making his *debût* into the presence of a lady in this fashion!"

"Ah, Dick, you are the same as ever, I see!" replied the girl, and the smile deepened on her face as she looked at his wet garments amply besprinkled with mud. "Your friend and yourself have indeed had a taste of the shower. It is heavy, and came up suddenly. Mother was afraid you would be caught in it."

"Yes, we have had it, as you see. But where is Fanny, and when did you come home?"

"You will see her soon. We returned this morning, shortly after you went out," replied the young girl.

"Well, Paul, shall we go to our rooms and make ourselves presentable, or would you prefer gazing at my fair cousin here?" said Dick, with a laugh.

"Deuce take you, Dick!" said Paul, after the young men were in their room, "you talk *about* me and *to* me ridiculously; and I won't stand it! Your cousin will take me for a simpleton."

"Pshaw, Paul! What matters it what the girls think of you? Nobody but 'country girls;' and you don't care a fig for the good opinion of *any* lady, you know!" retorted his friend.

"Now, Dick, you're unmerciful! I've no doubt but that the young ladies are both very intelligent; and though, as I told you before, I shan't fall in love, yet I would wish their good opinion."

"Oh, well, we'll see, Paul, about the 'love' and the 'opinion,' in the future!" replied Dick, laughing. "But there's the supper bell! let us hasten."

The two young men descended to the sitting-room, where supper was awaiting them, and where the family were already assembled. If Paul Vincent had been struck with the pretty face of Alice, he was more than ever astonished at the loveliness of her sister Fanny; for, while Alice had a form a little above the medium height, with fresh, rosy complexion, and fair blue eyes, Fanny, with *petite* figure, possessed a perfect brunette complexion, with sparkling black eyes, and hair of ebon hue.

"Ah, Fanny, how do you do, my fair cousin!" cried Dick, as the girl rose to greet him when he entered the room. "My friend, Mr. Vincent," presenting Paul. "I believe he has already made the acquaintance of Alice," he added, with a smile.

"Yes, I have had that honor," replied Paul, "and, begging her pardon for the mishap I occasioned her, I trust that the acquaintance so inauspiciously commenced, may prove as pleasant as I think it will."

"Come, Paul," said Dick, the next morning, "what say you for a fishing party? We will invite the girls to go with us. They are capital anglers; for, last summer, the fishes always took *their* bait in preference to mine. These country girls understand the art almost

as well as city ladies do," he added, quizzically.

"Well, Dick, agreed! It 's a capital morning for a bite. The sun 's a little clouded, and, though I'm not much of an angler myself, yet I shall enjoy the sport of others, and of which your old Izaak Walton discourseth."

In half an hour, the party stood upon the little bridge which spanned the stream in the forest back of the farmer's house; and, with hushed voices, cast out their lines.

"O, Dick, I've got a bite!" exclaimed Fanny, in triumph, as she drew up her line and displayed a fine trout. "They like *my* bait best, Dick; for I saw this one play around yours some time, but he took mine in preference."

"Oh, of course," said Dick, "that is natural that he should prefer yours! You understand using your fishing-rod pretty thoroughly, Cousin Fanny. Don't you think she does, Paul?"

Paul was busily talking with Alice, a little apart from the others, and idly playing with his line in the water, and did not heed.

"*What* 'don't I think,' friend Richard?" he said, advancing to them; "I did not understand your question."

"Why, don't you think that Fanny here—my country cousin—is a pretty good angler for a little one? See her trophy—the first fish yet—beaten us both!" said Richard.

"Yes, Miss Fanny has thrown us completely in the shade," Paul replied. "What a fine fish, too! I hope she doesn't try her skill on any spoil *but* fish; for 'twould be dangerous to nibble at her bait," he remarked, laughingly, and glancing at the sparkling eyes and cherry lips of the young girl as he spoke.

"Oh, no, never fear!" she replied, saucily. "I am but 'a country girl,' and do not use a *golden* bait."

The young man flushed, and turned abruptly away; and again stood beside Alice, who was intently watching her line and fly.

All that morning Paul Vincent remained beside Alice, for she did not shock him with tart replies or flashing glances like her more beautiful sister. And so Fanny and Dick walked and chatted together; and the young girls' musical laugh rang out upon the clear air.

In the ensuing week of the young men's stay at the farm-house, there seemed to grow up a strong barrier between Paul Vincent and the witty, piquant Fanny; for, though she treated the young man politely, yet she always met any advances he might make with her old spicy words and saucy looks. This completely baffled him, and Fanny could not have angled more successfully if she had purposely designed to win the love of the fastidious Paul Vincent, for her careless independence of manner, and the frank freedom of her speech completely captivated his heart.

And so, though he had yet no reason to think that Fanny cared aught for him, yet he determined, if possible, to win her love; for underneath her independence of manner he saw that she possessed a heart capable of the most devoted attachment.

Two weeks more of boating and riding had elapsed. On the morrow the young men were to depart. The last night had come—a beautiful August evening, with the moon walking high in the heavens, and bathing the earth with a soft flood of light. Paul Vincent sauntered into the sitting-room, where the farmer and wife and Fanny sat.

"So you must leave us, to-morrow, my young friend!" said Mr. Randall. "We shall miss you; for we 've had a lively time of it since you and Dick have been here. The girls won't go fishing much, I reckon, after you 're gone."

"Why not, father?" said Fanny, speaking quickly, with flushing face.

"Ah, you know best, Fanny!" replied her father, smiling. "It 's pleasant to have company, isn't it, Fanny?" he added.

"Oh yes, it is pleasant to have company," she replied; "but then one can do without it, you know."

"Yes, Miss Fanny can, I know," replied the young man. "She prefers solitude."

"Oh no, you are mistaken!" said her mother; "Fanny is fond of society; and it 's dull enough for young folks here in the country."

"Where is Dick?" asked Paul, to change the conversation, which he saw did not please Fanny.

"He went out with Alice some time since," replied the farmer's wife.

The young man stepped out into the moonlight, saying:—

"Come, Miss Fanny, will you not help me seek the truants?"

"No, I am very tired. Pray, excuse me," she replied, curtly.

Paul Vincent bit his lips and went down the broad walk alone.

"Why, Fanny, girl, why didn't you walk with the young man?" inquired her father, looking sharply at her, and surprised at her answer.

"Oh, I am tired, and my head aches," she said, turning her face to the window as she spoke.

"I thought you hadn't seemed well these two or three days back, Fanny," said her mother. "I will make you some herb tea; and you had better go right to bed now. I'll bring the tea up to you."

"No, no, mother. It isn't as bad as that," she said, quickly. "It will be better by and by; and besides, it is only eight o'clock. I couldn't go to sleep if I retired. I will wait for Alice."

An hour later Paul Vincent came back to the house, and through the open window he saw that the farmer and wife had retired, and that Fanny was alone, with her head bowed upon the window, as if in deep thought.

"Fanny," he said, in a low tone, as he entered and approached her, placing his hand upon her bowed head. "Fanny, what is this? In tears?"

But she started up, and flinging his hand off, angrily exclaimed:—

"This is ungentlemanly, to steal upon one unawares and surprise them thus."

"I did not seek to surprise you, Fanny. You are ungenerous in your language," he said, clasping her hand in his strong grasp. "But, Fanny, I *must* and *will* know why you shun me so—why my presence is so distasteful to you. Will you not tell me, Fanny?" and his voice became low and tender. "Ah, Fanny," he went on, "if you knew how I loved you, but how hopelessly, you would pity me, and not treat me so unkindly. Do you hate me, Fanny?"

The young girl did not reply; she turned her face away, and the little hands which were in Paul's no longer struggled to be free, but lay quiet and passive; and the young man felt that his case was not so hopeless after all.

"Fanny, Fanny Randall, you do *not* hate me, and you *do* love me! Will you be my wife, Fanny?" he asked, in tender accents.

She turned her face towards him now, and a light was in her beautiful eyes which Paul understood full well, for he clasped her to his heart in a first and long embrace.

An hour later Richard and Alice came in, and their countenances also told a story similar to that which was written on the happy faces of Paul Vincent and Fanny Randall.

"Now, Dick, I've an action against you," said Paul, as his friend returned. "You've been filling this young lady's head with information concerning your humble servant, to-wit: that he is a perfect woman-hater—that he despises all that appertains to the country, et cetera, et cetera. I'll be even with you, yet, friend Dick!"

"So, ho! something come to pass, I reckon?" said Dick, laughing. "Turned out just as I thought it would! All right! Thank me, Paul, you lucky fellow; for, by the very means I took you have won your case. It pays, to come fishing up in Vermont, don't it? But *you*, Fan," turning to her, "what sort of *bait* have you been using, to catch the best fish in the *husband* market I know of—my old friend here. Well, *Alice* and *I* can tell you that we've not been idle all this time, either; can't we, Alice?" But the girls had both vanished, and the young men were alone.

The next morning, there were long consultations with the farmer and wife; and when the two young men left them, their smiling faces told the story of their success. And, though they left the farm-house that day, yet, before the earth was mantled with winter's snows, they came again; and when they once more returned to their city homes, they went not there alone, for the two blushing brides who accompanied them bore evidence to the success of their summer's visit.

But with the weddings did not terminate Dick Warner's raillery to his friend, concerning their summer's fishing in Vermont and "Fanny's bait."

However open you may be in talking of your own affairs, never disclose the secrets of one friend to another. These are sacred deposits which do not belong to you, nor have you any right to make use of them.

A good many persons, through the habit of making others uncomfortable by finding fault with their cheerful enjoyments, get up at last a kind of hostility to comfort in general, even in their own persons.

A FEW FRIENDS.

BY KORMAH LYNN.

SECOND EVENING.

LET not the confiding reader for a moment suppose that when our party met at the fat Mrs. Simmons', just a fortnight from the date of their first evening in Mrs. Smith's elegant parlors, they took up the thread of their enjoyment precisely where it had been snapped by the midnight stroke on that memorable occasion. On the contrary, though there was more general smiling and nodding, when the guests assembled; and though it was softly mumbled by various couples that they had indeed enjoyed a very delightful evening at Mrs. Smith's; and though the news was rather more cordially circulated among them, than before, that the weather was exceedingly pleasant; still, as soon as they were seated in that first inevitable semi-circle around the room, the galvanic current was established, and all felt, in spite of themselves, the fearful company shock, which has thrilled mankind and womankind ever since the first evening party was given in the land of Shem.

Mr. Simmons, too, a subdued, feeble-looking man, whose extreme attenuation was only equalled by his wife's corpulency, seemed ill at ease. He moved about like the family ghost, in loose slippers and a tight coat, a counting house bend in his back, and a ghastly smile upon his countenance that seemed the very inspiration of wretchedness. What wonder! His whole life had been given to money-making, and now, when the old, familiar checks glared at him in the form of sculptured mantles, gay carpets, and damask furniture, he could not recognize them. His rich surroundings, though conjured by himself (or rather, by his cash-books), had assumed the nature of a Frankenstein monster that awed and possessed him. He would no more have dreamt of really enjoying himself, than he would of reading any of the gilded books upon his marble and ormolu centre table.

The very rustle of Mrs. Simmons' poplin made him tremble; and likely he was to tremble more than ever, at this moment, for that delectable lady was bearing toward him under full sail.

"Joseph!" she muttered, frowning darkly upon him, "it is strange that sister Ellen and the girls are not here yet. Did you deliver that note to my brother-in-law this morning?"

Alas! poor Simmons, the note was still in the breast pocket of his overcoat, and he knew it.

"Ahem! The fact is, my dear, Marshall was not in the office when I reached there, and—"

"And you *forgot* it!" interrupted Mrs. S. in a fierce undertone, at the same time staring at a bronze cupid on the mantle-piece, so that the guests need not suspect that Simmons was 'catching it.'

"Yes, my dear; I'm extremely sorry; I did forget it, but it's not too late yet. Scipio can take it to the house."

"Umph! that's like your suggestions. What's the door to do if Scipio goes out, I want to know?" hissed Mrs. S., *soto voce*, playing with her fan in the mean time.

Joseph evidently was at a loss to know what the door would do under those circumstances, for he sat the mute image of despair. Suddenly, the expression of his chosen one's eye concentrated his latent animation. "I—I can run around there myself, if you say so, my dear?"

Mrs. Simmons replied to his inquiring glance with an indifferent "well," which, nevertheless, her thoroughly-trained spouse felt to be a fiat for him to depart at once.

By this time Ben Stykes, by means of a certain social omnipresence peculiar to him, had succeeded in infusing a more genial spirit into the party. Mr. Pipes and Miss Pundaway were trying to outvie each other in rapturous admiration of a "lovely little thing," by Chopin. The engaged couple had actually glanced away from each other for an instant, to bestow a smile or two on familiar faces about the room; Mary Gliddon was laughingly dealing out sprightly small-talk to a dazzled group of three, in new neckties, to the great envy and mystification, be it said, of sundry less successful damsels; and master Joe, the small son and heir of the Simmonses,

was having a fine time in the corner with the forbidden stereoscope.

At last the meeting was opened by Ben as chairman *pro tem.*

"Ladies and Gentlemen: If I mistake not, this society (which is, so far, 'a deed without a name') was formed on the basis of universal rights and general enjoyment. Its platform is 'fun;' and rather than have the meeting degenerate into a noisy *soirée musicale*, or a stupid conversazione, or a rheumatic promenade, I propose to make game of you all, by commencing the evening's entertainment with the play of COINCIDENCES."

The motion being duly seconded and carried, Ben proceeded to instruct the company as follows:—

"Let each member whisper confidentially to his or her right-hand neighbor the name either of an historical character or of some well-known person now living."

It was done.

"Each member will please whisper to his or her left-hand neighbor either a proverb or a familiar quotation."

After much preliminary meditation, and giggling and bobbing of heads, this, also, was accomplished.

"Now," pursued Ben, "if you all have obeyed orders, each of you has a person's name, and a phrase or proverb, given you privately by different parties."

Everybody looked knowing and eager, as much as to say, "*I* have, for one."

"We will now, in turn, give the company the benefit of our combinations. Mr. Pipes, you are first in line, will you please lead off?"

Mr. Pipes, with a deprecating glance around the room, gave forth:—

"Henry Ward Beecher. *It never rains but it pours!*'"

Three Brooklyn people looked rather grave at this, but everybody else laughed, and admitted that it was "not so bad."

Miss Pundaway next gave:—

"Bethoven. '*When Music, heavenly maid, was young.*'"

Not much to be made out of that. But it was strange that each neighbor should have instinctively selected from tuneful realms for Miss Pundaway.

No. 3 was Mary Gliddon, who, blushing slightly, laughed out:—

"Mr. Benjamin Stykes. '*Them 's the jockies for me!*'"

"Ha! ha!" shouted poor Simmons, who had just entered, and was always doing the wrong thing; "pretty good, pretty good!"

Mary's blushes grew deeper; everybody tried not to smile, and Mrs. S. looked covert daggers at her now repentant lord.

No. 4, timidly:—

"Julius Cæsar. '*It 's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.*'"

"That 's a failure," sighed Ben, glad to say something by way of relieving a slight embarrassment. "Now for No. 5. Speak out, Miss Kelso!"

"Abraham Lincoln. '*Some have greatness thrust upon them!*'"

"Good!" cried everybody but one political female, who wore spectacles, and seemed to think that a vague insult to the administration was hidden under the fun.

"Mine is a capital one!" cried No. 6, a laughing-eyed maiden who, girl fashion, was caressing the hand of her neighbor, Theresa Adams.

"General Meade. '*There 's no such word as fail!*'"

"Hurrah!" cried a chorus of voices.

No. 6 had "Lincoln," again—

'*There was an old woman*
Who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do.'"

"Yes, she does, though," retorted ready Ben.

"*She 'll give them a supper of powder and lead,*
Whip half of them soundly, and put them to bed."

All laughed heartily at Ben's sally, and some of the ladies actually clapped their hands with enthusiasm. To make a long story short, the game went off with great spirit, and though, of course, in a party of thirty some in the combination fell "flat," there were, on the other hand, many admirable hits. The last one was peculiarly happy—

"George Francis Train.

'*Goosey goosey gander,*
Where dost thou wander?'"

These led to such animated discussions, and the refreshments that followed were so very engrossing, that it was nearly ten o'clock before Miss Simmons and Ben had an opportunity to introduce a game, in the preparation for which they had consumed a pleasant hour that very afternoon.

After a mysterious closing of the third parlor sliding-doors, and a withdrawal of several

members, Chairman Ben appeared in front of the still closed doors and made another speech.

"Fellow citizens! I am requested to announce to the meeting that the divertisement called THE PICTURE GALLERY is next in order. I would state to the members that they are at perfect liberty to discuss the pictures which are soon to appear before them, with this only proviso: That the pictures in this gallery reserve the right of choosing substitutes for the one which is immediately to follow. Each picture which shall be guilty of a smile while on exhibition must at the end of the game deposit a forfeit into the chairman's hands, to be redeemed as the company may see fit."

This rather ambiguous speech was received with great applause and eager anticipation.

Presently, a bell tinkled—the doors were rolled back, and, in lieu of the capacious saloon which they usually revealed, appeared a gray-tinted wall hung with scattered pictures, square, oblong, and oval, in neat gilt frames hung with red cord. In the centre, and near the floor, was suspended a fine life-like portrait of the honorable chairman himself. Above him, in an oval frame, was a spirited head of little Joe, so spirited that it fairly seemed to twitch and blink in the bright gaslight. On the right hung a fine profile of Mr. Pipes; near him, a beautiful gypsy girl in a red hood, over whom frowned a midnight assassin, with the unfailing cloak and dagger so necessary to the subject. On the left was a sibyl, beneath whose turbaned brow shone the clear eyes of Mary Gliddon; and scattered about, above and below, were portraits of ladies and gentlemen in various stages of composure.

An exclamation of surprise and admiration burst from the company, who, in their pleasure, fairly lost sight of the fact that their business was to make the obdurate pictures laugh. Suddenly the head of little Joe, rather anticipating their efforts, opened wide its mouth and evinced decided symptoms of popping out of its frame, until a hint from some invisible hand behind the wall restored its partial composure.

Then the game commenced in good earnest. The gypsy girl was soon "brought down," and even the inspired sibyl yielded to the witticisms of her critics. The midnight assassin suddenly became human and good-natured, and even the imperturbable Ben (who, by the way, seemed more "killing" to some of the party than the assassin himself) succumbed to the startling opinions that were passed upon him as a work of art.

At this stage of the proceedings a tinkling signal caused the doors to be closed; and, soon after, the victims of the picture gallery entered at a side door, and without mercy commenced selecting their substitutes.

The second party, of course, endeavored to exceed the first in the variety and classic beauty of their gallery; and truly the effect was charming. Such fine "fancy" heads and improvised characters, one would almost have fancied himself admitted into some great painter's studio, except that the styles of more than one master were represented. It was very evident that a noble head in the corner, with flowing hair and rather florid face was a suggestion of Elliott, and that the female head in an oval frame, made "greenish" by three or four thicknesses of intervening gauze, had been inspired by Page; while lesser lights in the artistic world were "taken off" in fine style.

Not one performer or spectator in the game but felt instructed or at least elevated by the pure enjoyment it occasioned, while the innocent mirth engendered made even old hearts beat with something like a youthful bound.

To be sure, the effect "behind the scenes" somewhat disenchanted those who had admired the effect from the front, and the interior of the third parlor presented a strange contrast to its "outer wall." This wall proved to be made of large sheets of tinted wrapping or wall paper pasted together.* Square, oblong, and oval openings were cut in it, each neatly margined on the audience side with a gilt paper band. It was hung securely across the doorway, while behind it were arranged the living pictures: some standing on benches, some on chairs, some seated on tables or ladders, and some crouching near the floor, all arranged with a view of presenting "right face" to the audience, and fitting the apertures where the portraits must appear.

Just before the third round of the Picture Gallery, Ben approached Mary Gliddon and begged her to act as a substitute for a bashful member.

"I have been in the gallery once already, you know," was her good-natured reply, "but I will act if you will."

* Gray muslin is rather more convenient for this purpose than paper.

"That will not suit me," replied Ben, a little uneasily. "I prefer being among the audience on that interesting occasion."

It is astonishing what a little thing will make some people blush. Ben probably meant to say only a gallant thing, and here was Mary, who was sovereign queen over half the gentlemen in the room, trembling and coloring in the most unaccountable manner. Like a true woman, however, she did not stay to let him see her blush and tremble, but ran off with a laughing "Well, look for me when the gallery appears!"

Ben did look for Mary when the doors opened, but her face was not among the pictures on that sombre wall. He was just turning away with a sense of disappointment when Miss Simmons exclaimed:—

"Who can that 'Witch of Endor,' up in the corner, be? It 's Scipio, dressed up. No, it 's too black even for him. But how gracefully the head gear is arranged, though the whole effect is hideous."

"He! he!" shouted Master Joe; "*I* got the burnt cork for her. Ain't she done it up prime, though?"

MY FIRST VENTURE.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

"CARRIE, do promise me that you will send that to a publisher," pleaded my sister, as she turned back from the door, and laid her soft fingers on mine with a beseeching gesture.

"Oh, not for the world!" and I caught up the manuscript, and thrust it quickly into a portfolio out of sight, as if that ogre of novice authoresses, an editor, was peeping over my shoulder.

"But this is so good, I know it will be accepted! And if it should not, what great harm could it do?" she further added.

"Just think of the mortification! I never could take heart to write another line."

"Well, Carrie, do as you think best; yet, I confess, it would be a happy hour of my life to see some of your lines in print. But how late it is; I must say good-night," and she stooped over and left a sweet kiss on my lips, and I was alone.

"What a darling sister she is!" I sat and thought, as the quieting twilight stole around me, and threw a soft mist over the room. "So good, and affectionate, and hopeful; dreaming bright, glowing dreams of the future for me, while I, poor, shrinking soul, stand on the threshold of hope, with trembling hands, not daring to raise the latch and ask, is there aught within for me? Why could I not overcome this deathly sinking of the heart, whenever the thought came to me of trying my fate? The balance would not be cast forever," I reasoned, "if my article was rejected. Perhaps time would again give me strength, and I could add a heavier weight, and turn the scale, and win the prize."

I lit the lamp, and caught up the weekly paper and carefully read the poem, and then took up my manuscript and compared them. It gave me courage, and the love that I felt for her, with the perfect belief in her words, "It would be a happy hour of my life to see some of your lines in print," strongly won the hour, and I fastened the door, took a sheet of paper and copied two poems, and inclosed them with this mental reservation to comfort me: That I could yet do as I pleased about forwarding them, and if I did, and they were rejected, no one, not even my husband, should ever know that I sent them.

"Any letters for the post-office?" was questioned next morning by our mail carrier, and answered with a decided negative, for how could I trust my secret to the village post-master, to say nothing of the inquisitive boy, who would surely mistrust, if he did not question "if I was not sending some of my scribblings away to be published." No, I must bide my time, and catch some more favorable opportunity. It came that afternoon. A friend, who was visiting us, had purchased a dress at a store in an adjoining town, and needed a half yard more to complete the pattern. Husband had business to attend to with the merchant of that place, and I could go with them, have a pleasant ride, and mail my letter unobserved by any acquaintance while both were busy. I accomplished it, and then came the weary waiting of the days for the next weekly; for, novice as I was, I surely expected it in the coming week's issue, if it ever saw the light.

At last Friday came—the day for the paper, and my eyes flew open long before the sun, and refused to close again, and every thought was the tantalizing question, "Will my poems be rejected?" till I grew desperate, and dressing me I threw on a light shawl and bonnet, opened the door without any jar, and passed out among the flowers to gather quietness,

amid the sweet perfume, the soft dews, and the warbling notes of a thousand songsters singing their early hymn of praise. The dull, gray clouds that lay piled in the east, first caught a soft rosy hue, then blazed like a sheet of flame, as the sun arose amid a hazy veil; and each dew-drop caught up beauty like a sparkling pearl, and sent back a flame of light to beautify the way for the steps of the morning. Like an atom of water, caught up, and submerged, and enveloped in the infinity of ocean, so my disquiet and care grew lost and swallowed up in the calm beauty of nature, and for a few hours, at least, each thought was at rest.

It was a calm, slumberous Indian summer day, and the kitten purred upon a cushion at my side, and some insect droned by the door, and my head was thrown back against the cool network that laced my chair, and my eyes were almost shut, when the quick whir of passing wheels brought them wide open, and I looked out to see a paper tossed into the yard from a passing neighbor's obliging hands.

"An Ode to Summer. By Miss Susie De Clinton," filled the poet's corner, and caught my eye as I took up the paper, and I threw it aside with a sharp pang and burst into tears. My beautiful castle, the work of long years, its brave turrets glistening in the sun, its broad arched windows blazing in all the hues of the opal and amethyst, for the moment was a shapeless mass.

Only two comforting thoughts for the ensuing week. No one knew, no one should ever know, that I had offered what I deemed was gold, and yet was dross; and the other was, that perhaps a kind Father saw it was best. That an humble path was the only one my soul could walk in, and be fanned by the soft breezes that waft down through the eternal gates, bringing strength and stature to the mind that befits it for that home, where hopes can be clasped in loving embrace, and the future expands until it only becomes a semicircle of the present.

No one questioned, for "moods" had been my heritage from a child up, and for the long week, though the sun shone for me, it was but a blazing eye that burned into my soul, and the dew glistened, yet it chilled like the heavy fogs of the river, and all light and beauty seemed to have gone out of the world, as it had out of my life.

Friday again, and two sisters had accidentally met at another's home, and a carriage was at the door for me. It was the breaking of the dawn, for how I loved them, and it was even like childhood hours, meeting together under the same roof in the careless abandonment of sisterhood. Greetings were over, light hum of voices and merry laughter rang out through the open window to the ears of the passer-by, as questions were answered, jests parried, and incidents related, trifling in themselves, but precious items to hearts that vivified them with love.

In the first lull, sister Mary, with an expressive gesture for silence, took a paper from the table and commenced to read aloud. It was my poem, and my heart gave a bound that sent the blood scorching to my cheek, and then back again like a rushing stream, that made me gasp and tremble as if with mighty throes it was breaking bonds, and I must die. Then came the delicious languor. Sisters' praises and congratulatory words, and the nectar of hope that I so long had pined for, even on my lips. My castle rose again, fairer and more beautiful, elegant in proportions, its foundations of marble, and my eye took in its completeness, and was satisfied.

The long summer afternoon passed away like a delicious dream. Grave and light words were on my lips, inquiries, and answers, a perfect medley of talk; but below all was the delicious tremor of bliss that filled my soul, as the cloud that hovers near the sun is filled with light.

Refusing all kind offers to take me home, for I preferred to walk to call upon a near relative who lived half way, I bid adieu to the smiling group gathered on the porch, and conning over my own sweet thoughts, and turning back now and then to catch a glimpse of sisters' faces at the open windows through the low orchard trees, I was soon far on my homeward way and at her gate.

"Oh dear! and so here comes an authoress!" was the merry salutation of my cousin, as she met me in the open doorway, accompanied by a very low mock courtesy. "I am so glad you came in! The paper was handed me an hour ago, and there was not a person about to speak to and vent out my excitement, only the canary, and he, dull soul, just closed his eyes and never gave even one chirp; but there comes auntie! You sit here in this bedroom, and don't say a word, and

she 'll not know, and I will read it to her and let you hear what she says! My! won't she be astonished?" and before I even thought of remonstrating, the giddy girl had fastened the door, and I must either spoil her fun, or sit still and be a listener. Every word reached me, the wall was so thin, and I hearkened breathless to the sweet reader as she cadenced and intonated each line, making it like a rare strain of music, and a long sigh of relief came with the speaking of my name at the close, for my soul was too replete for happiness.

"Well, what of it?" was the reply, in a voice so cold and chilling, that it jarred like the crushing down of some great lifetime hope. "I guess there is something else to do in this world besides writing poetry. A wife and mother, too; what folly!" and I could hear the excited thrumming of her fingers on the table, and the angry clash of the door as she passed out to attend to some household duties.

"What have I neglected? Do tell me!" was my beseeching question, as the door was unfastened, and cousin threw her arm around my waist that trembled like the aspen.

"Nothing, Carrie. You do work enough for two any day! I thought she would be pleased! I am *so sorry!*"

"There, pet, don't cry any more! I can bear it; only don't let her know!" and I lifted the wet curls to press a kiss on the bright carnation of her cheek, and silently passed out of the door—out of the door with a great sorrow that loomed like a death-pall o'er the brightness and joy that for a few hours had beautified my life.

LAST YEAR'S FREIGHT.

BY BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

THERE were loosened leaves from the ledger of Time—
Ah, some were blotted and blurred,
With the traces of tears and the color of crime!
One bore a reason, another a rhyme,
And some but a single word:
'Twas "Mary," or "Willie," or "Charlie," or "John,"
It was somebody loved, it was somebody gone:
'Twas a babe in a cradle, 'twas a wife in a grave—
For the death-angel took when the life-angel gave.

There were little shoes, there were tresses of hair,
And a couple of broken rings—
And a little red frock, and a children's chair,
And a little hood she was wont to wear,
And a thousand useless things.

There were lines that *he* wrote—there were books that he read—
There were songs that *she* sang—there were prayers that she said—
And a bud half embroidered, as she laid it aside,
And the needle still there where she placed it and died!

There were sweetest of songs, uncaroll'd, unheard;
The hope of the heart in song
For the warble of thought, like the song of a bird—
A melody wild, unwedded to word—
Can never be utterly wrong;
And a thought of the humblest, be it one that we love,
Is as suited to song as a wing to a dove.
So the mother was musing, but a mother no more,
This the song she sang of the gone on before:—

Awhile ago, my Clarence, for there *was* a Clarence then—
Do you think they give the angels names as they give them unto men?—
Was watching on a summer's day a river's gentle flow,
And a lily on its bosom as its waters come and go;
"That lily was a star, mother! a star that fell and died;
And the angels, don't you think, when they lost it, that they cried!"

Now ice is in the river,
And the clouds are shedding rain,
The lily's gone forever,
Will Clarence come again?
There 's one more star aloft, they say—
One lily less I know—
It shall glimmer on my heart,
While its pulses come and go.

Oh, they talk of their treasures—their jewels and gold—
But what are they all to these?
For *they* never are stolen, nor purchased, nor sold;
They never grow rusty, nor worthless, nor old;
They need neither keeper nor keys.
Here are bonds never broken, here are deeds warrantee,
And the angel of record recording them free;
All consigned were the treasures, too rich for this shore,
To the Sea of the Blest, by the ship NEVERMORE.

THE POWER OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS.—In animals there is more variety of motion, but in plants there is more real power. A horse is certainly far stronger than a man, yet a small vine can not only support, but can raise a column of fluid five times higher than a horse can. Indeed, the power which a plant exercises of holding a leaf erect during an entire day, without pause and without fatigue, is an effort of astonishing vigor, and is one of many proofs that a principle of compensation is at work, so that the same energy which in the animal world is weakened by being directed to many objects, is in the vegetable world strengthened by being concentrated on a few.

—WHOEVER is honorable and candid, honest and courteous, is a true gentleman, whether learned or unlearned, rich or poor.

NOVELTIES FOR MAY.

TRAVELLING COSTUME, BONNET, COIFFURE, CAPS, WRAPPER, SLEEVE, APRON, ETC.

Fig. 1.—Travelling costume. Rich Balmoral skirt, printed in a lace design. Steel-colored alpaca dress, raised in festoons by one of Mme. Demorest's dress elevators. Black silk sack, trimmed with gimp ornaments. Standing collar, with blue silk cravat. Black straw

Fig. 1.

hat, trimmed with one gray and one black feather.

Fig. 2.—Bonnet for second mourning. The front of the bonnet is of black silk. The crown is of a light lavender silk, covered with a network of black chenille. The bow on top of the bonnet is of lavender silk, edged with black velvet, and the ends embroidered and trimmed with black chenille. The inside trimming is composed of white and black lace, and loops of lavender-colored ribbon.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 3.—Dinner coiffure, formed of black lace. The coronet is formed of loops of Milan velvet ribbon and black lace.

Fig. 4.

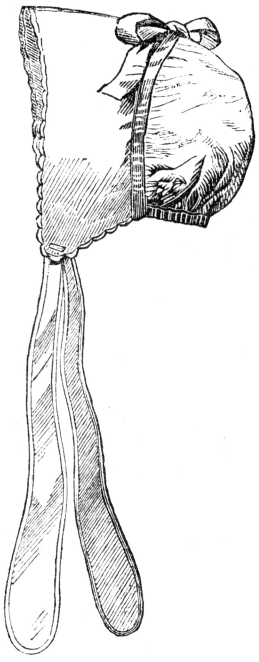


Fig. 6.

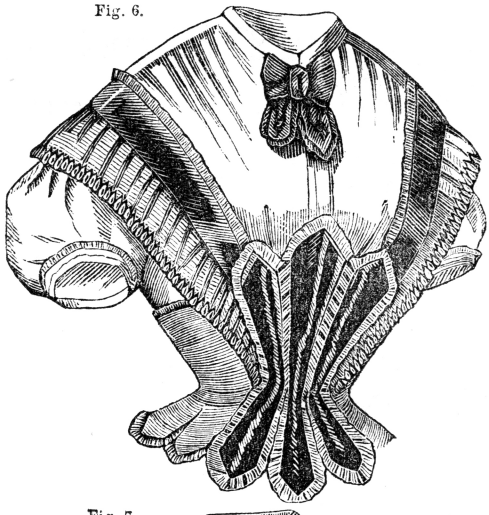
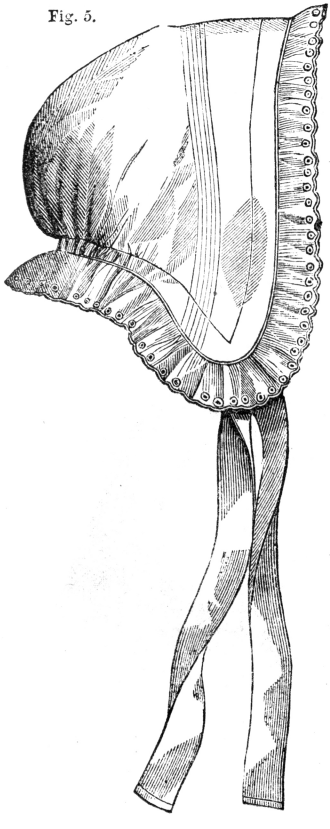


Fig. 7.

Fig. 5.



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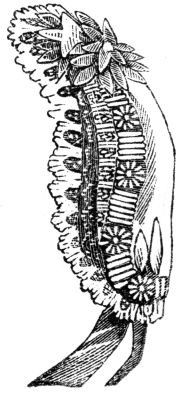

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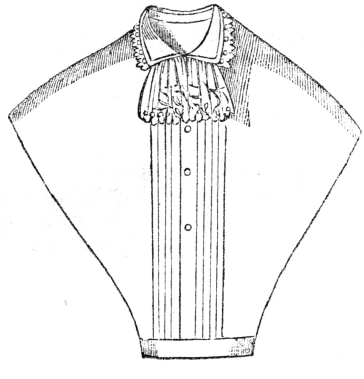


Fig. 10.

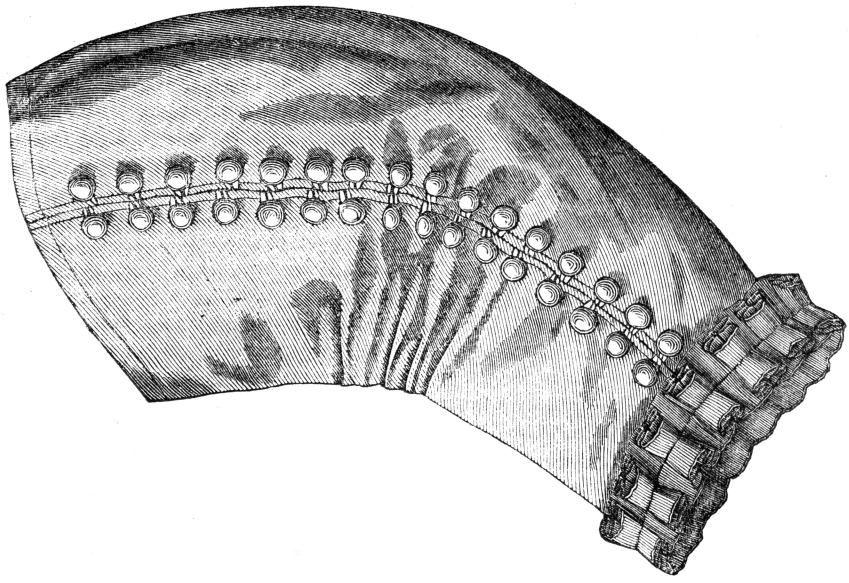


Fig. 4.—A plain night-cap, with scalloped edge. The bow on top can be of ribbon or muslin.

Fig. 5.—A plain and comfortable night-cap, trimmed with a worked ruffle.

Fig. 6.—Peasant waist of black silk, with

Fig. 11.

scalloped tails; the front and back are trimmed with velvet, edged with a narrow thread lace; lapels of velvet extend over the shoulder. This waist can be worn with a white or colored dress.

Fig. 7.—Fancy wrapper of pearl-colored de

laine, trimmed with bands of rose-colored de laine, braided with white silk braid. Heavy ornaments, or rose-colored silk gimp, trim the front of the corsage.

Fig. 8.—Fancy dinner cap, made of Valenciennes insertion and lace, with a tulle crown. It is trimmed with emerald green ribbon and bunches of frosted autumn leaves.

Fig. 9.—Fancy collar for a lady.

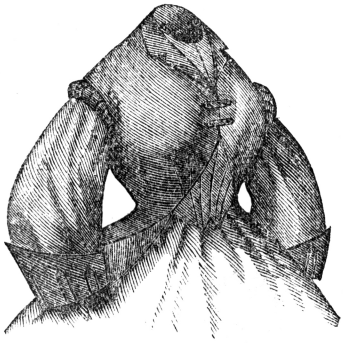
Fig. 10.—The new sleeve. This style of sleeve is suitable for any material. It is looped together down the outside with buttons and cord. The wrist is trimmed with a box-plaited ribbon.

Fig. 11.—Black silk apron, trimmed with guipure insertion, and long pendants on the pockets.

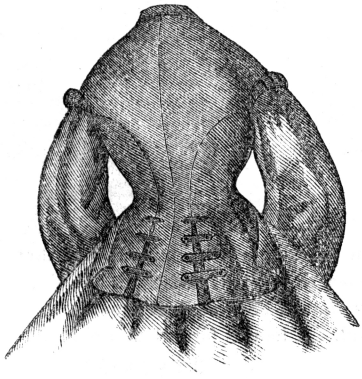
PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 473 Broadway, New York.

Jacket à la Militaire.—This charming coat is



made in black corded silk, faced with blue, which also forms an inch wide binding round

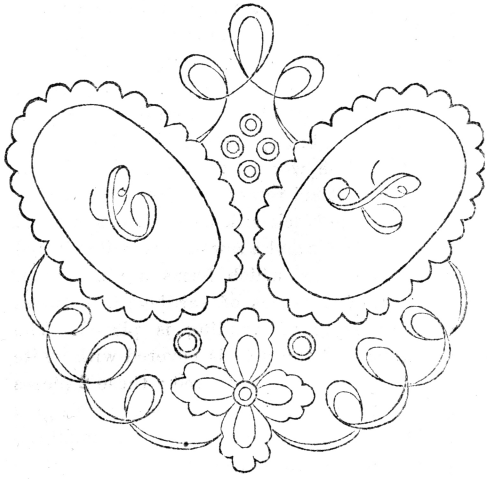


the entire garment; should be worn over a buff vest, as it turns back *en revers*, and is only joined at the bust by two straps buttoned over, it then retreats so as to display the vest. The epaulette is formed by a circular piece plaited so as to stand full and round, and is very stylish on this kind of jacket.

The Feranda.—This is one of the graceful basques of the season, the spring of which is procured by a seam in the back. It is made in a rich brown cloth, ornamented with seven rows of handsome flat braid, forming angles

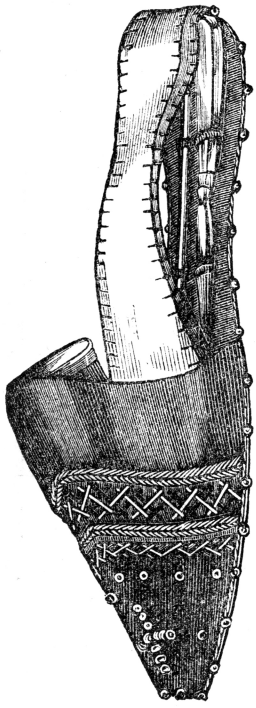
upon the skirt. Two serial ornaments, shaped like epaulettes, occupy the centre of the back. The illustration shows the shape of the sleeves, the pockets, and the arrangement of the trimming.

CORNER FOR A POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.



THE SHOE PINCUSHION.

This pincushion serves also as a needle-book and work-case, and is useful for holding the thimble, bodkin, stiletto, etc. It is made with small pieces of different materials. The shoe is composed of 2 pieces—the upper part and the sole; the upper part is made of black and cherry-colored silk, the former being used

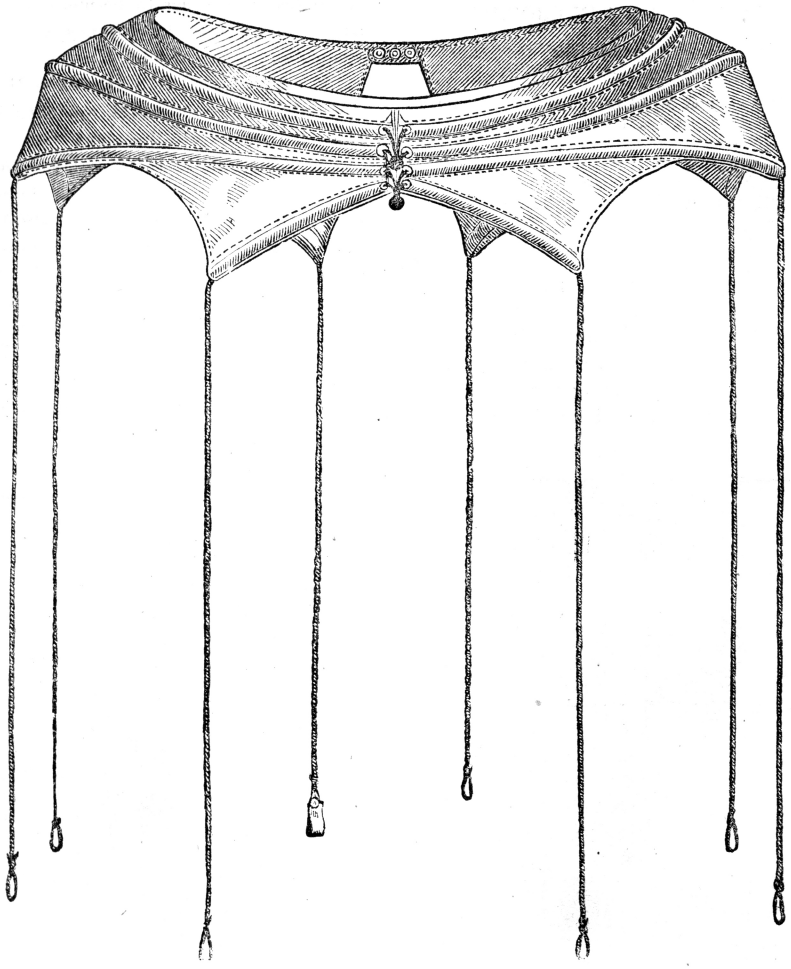


for the point and the other for the border round it. This last piece is made with a straight strip, doubled, in the middle of which a fold is made the cross-way, to give it the shape of the top of the shoe. This strip of cherry-colored silk is edged on each side with a row of gold braid, divided by a double row of cross stitch worked with bright blue silk. When the second row of gold braid is sewn on, fasten on the black silk which is ornamented with gold beads and a row of cross stitch in red silk. The sole, which forms a pincushion, consists of 2 pieces of cardboard, between which a layer of wadding is placed. The under part of the sole is covered with white silk, and the upper with red; these 2 pieces of silk are sewn together and bound with gold braid. To form a receptacle for the small implements of work, loops of silk are worked on the upper part of the sole, and each article is fixed to the sole by 2 loops, one at each end. Inside the upper part of the slipper, in the centre, sew on a piece of ribbon in the shape of a thimble-case; then unite the upper part to the sole. Cut out 2 pieces of white flannel of the shape of the sole, edge them with button-hole stitch in red silk all round, and fasten them at one end to the point of the slipper, inside at the other to the point of the sole.

THE POMPADOUR PORTE-JUPE.

This porte-jupe is composed of a belt, which is worn under the dress; the belt has eight joints round it, from each of which depends a piece of strong braid. These strings are all joined together in front of the belt, for those which hang down at the back go round the waist to join the others in front, where four ends are united on each side, and sewn on to a button. To fix the strings to the bottom of the skirt, eight loops of wide ribbon, provided each with a button at the top, are sewn on inside. One loop is generally fastened on the

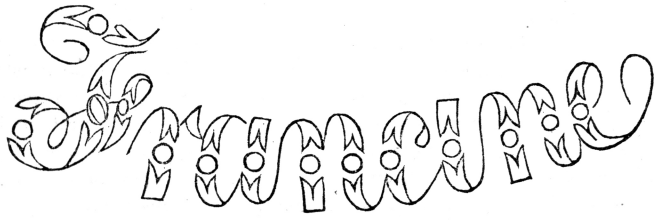
seam of each width; but, should there not happen to be eight widths in the skirt, then they should be placed at equal distances all round. A loop is formed at the end of each string, and this loop serves as a buttonhole. It is easy to understand that the two buttons which unite the strings at the top should both



THE POMPADOUR PORTE-JUPE, OR DRESS ELEVATOR.

pass through an opening so as to come out in front of the dress. If the dress opens in front there is no difficulty; but if it opens behind, an opening is to be formed under the band or point of the body in front. The belt can be made of any material; our pattern was in white *piqué*, lined and bound with tape. The strings which go round the waist to come out in front should be of ribbon, and should be arranged so as to run easily between the belt and the tape. In order to draw up the dress when thus prepared, there remains nothing to do but to pull out the buttons and tie the strings in a bow.

NAME FOR MARKING.



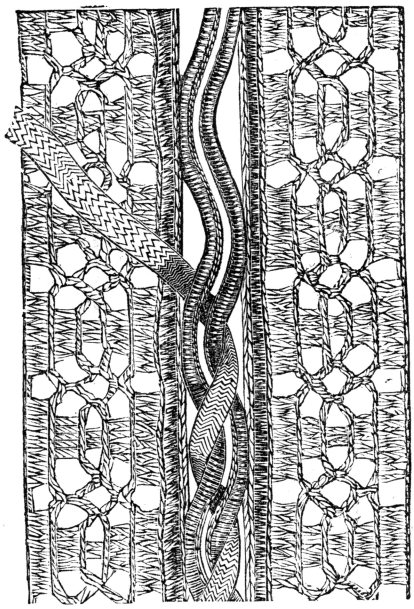
TWO INSERTIONS IN CROCHET.

FOR TRIMMING COUNTERPANES, BERCEAUNETTE COVERS, OR FOR LETTING IN PETTICOATS.

Materials.—Cotton No. 6 or 8. Some medium-sized white cord and white cotton braid of the width seen in the illustration.

INSERTION No. 1. Make a chain long enough to go all round the article intended to be trimmed, and work in rows. 1*st round.*—* 8 treble crochet on the first 8 chain, 5 chain, miss 3 stitches of the chain; repeat from *. 2*d.*—In each of the 4 treble crochet in the centre of the 8 treble crochet work one treble crochet, 3 chain, 1 double crochet placed over the 5 chain of the preceding round, 3 chain; repeat from *. 3*d.*—* 1 treble crochet on

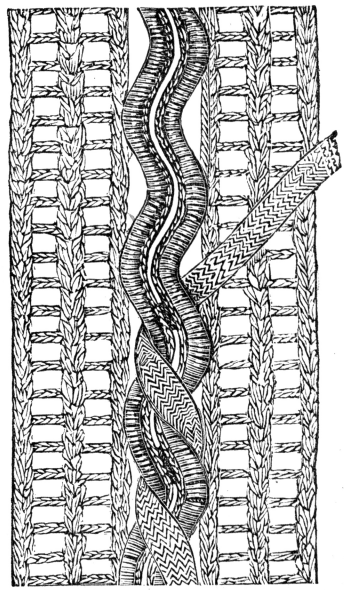
No. 1.



each of the two centre stitches of the 4 treble crochet, 3 chain, 1 double crochet worked *over* the first of the two loops of chain stitches, 3 chain, 1 double crochet on the 2d loop, 3 chain; repeat from *. 4*th.*—The same as the 2d. 5*th.*—The same as the 1st (for the position of the treble crochet stitches, see the illustration). 6*th.*—All double crochet. 7*th.*—In this round form the openings, and work on some medium-sized round cord; work alternately * 10 double crochet, coming one stitch farther on each side, then the 8 treble crochet of the pattern, then 15 double crochet, over the cord, *not in the stitches of preceding row;* these 15 stitches are to be worked as tightly as possible; miss 12 stitches of preceding round, and repeat from *.

INSERTION No. 2. With the exception of the row where the openings are formed, this insertion is worked the short way. Make a chain of 9 stitches; in the 1st row, work, as the 1st treble crochet stitch, 3 chain; then one treble crochet in the nearest stitch of the chain; in the next stitch, 2 treble crochet, 3 chain; 2 treble crochet in the last stitch of the chain. 2*d round.*—3 chain, 1 treble crochet between the 2 treble crochet of preceding row, 3 chain, 2 treble crochet between the 2 treble cochet of preceding row, 3 chain, 2 treble crochet, between the two last stitches of preceding row. Repeat this second

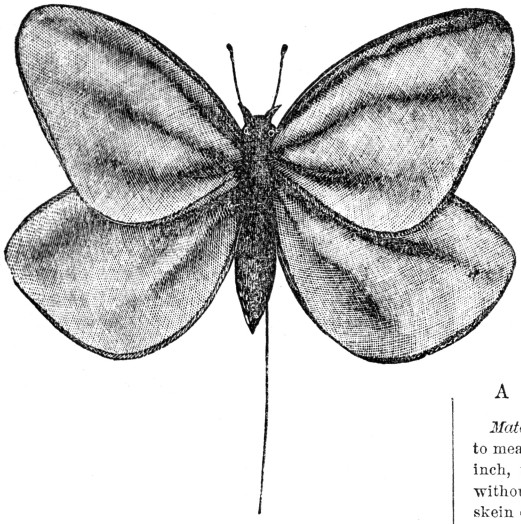
No. 2.



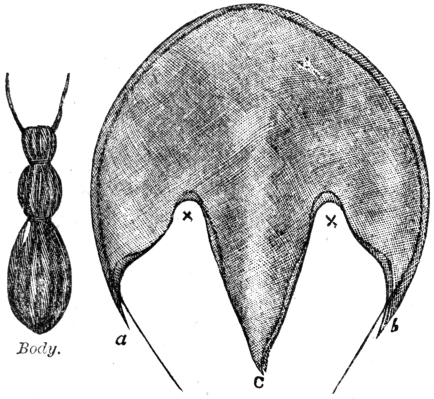
row until the insertion is sufficiently long. The two ends of it may be joined so as to form a round before the middle with the openings is worked. This middle row is worked like that of Insertion No. 1, on some round cord. Work 10 double crochet on the insertion, then 15 over the cord, missing about 3 rows of the insertion, when working these 15 stitches, as the illustration shows. The two halves of each of these two insertions are joined (see the illustration) by running in and out through the openings a piece of braid, which, if preferred, may be of some bright color, and the insertion is complete.

CRAPE BUTTERFLY FOR HEADDRESSES.

As it is now the fashion to use butterflies for ornamenting bonnets and headdresses, our readers will, perhaps, be glad to find the explanation of one. Butterflies are made more or less elegant; but this is one of the simplest



and also of the cheapest kind. To form the body, which one of our illustrations represents half finished, twist a piece of wool fourteen times round the forefinger and the middle finger; before taking off the wool from these fingers, take a piece of wire about one and a half inch long, round which some black silk



Crape wing for Butterfly.

should previously be neatly rolled; bend it in half and place it inside the wool, so that the ends may come out, as shown in the engraving. Next tie the small bunch of wool in two different places very tightly with strong thread; the first time the wire must be tightly fastened; this is also clearly shown. Now cover the body over with green crape, or with any color that may be preferred. To make the wings, cut out the crape in the shape shown in the illustration, and in the outer edge run a piece of very fine wire. Four similar wings should be cut out. The places marked with a cross show the place where the folds are to be made; the points *a b c* should be sewn together, and the wings attached to the body, as represented in the complete butterfly. Two beads are added for the eyes, and the top of the head is finished off by a few stitches in black or brown silk.

A NETTED OPERA OR USEFUL CAP.

Materials.—Two flat meshes; the small one for the cap to measure, by a string placed round it, five-eighths of an inch, that is, a trifle over half an inch; the wide one, without the string, half an inch wide or rather over. A skein of white Andalusian or white Berlin wool. A very pretty netted cap for morning wear may be made by using steel meshes half the size, and doubling the directions given, using Cotton No. 20.

Make a foundation of 57 stitches, and net a plain row.

In the next row, in the 29th stitch, make an increased stitch by netting another into the same loop, also one into the last stitch of the row.

In the next row increase one in the centre,

and one at the end. Continue this till there are two diamonds (4 rows).

In every row, whether tufted or plain, the stitch must be increased in the centre and end of long row.

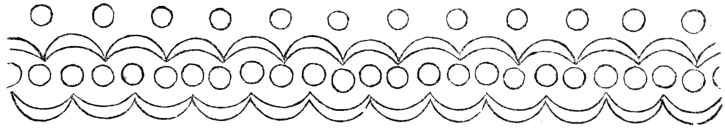
Tufted row.—Make 2 plain, a tufted stitch thus: *net* into the next diamond; then put the wool round the mesh and up through the stitch without netting, exactly as if for sewing, only that the needle passes upwards instead of downwards, do this for seven times, consequently there will be seven loops over the mesh, but none of them netted; now press the needle as if for netting, only let it come out, not in the centre of the stitch but on the other side. Net thus the two sides of the stitch together, inclosing the whole of the loops in the loop of the stitch which is being netted into. Now net one plain, then a tuft, then three plain, and in the last make another tufted stitch, and so repeat, increasing as before.

The next row is plain netting.

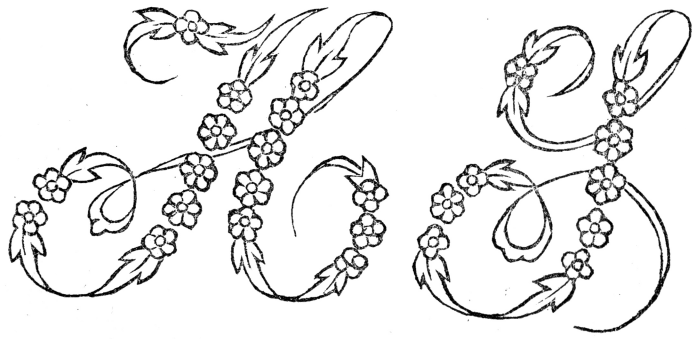
The next tufted; and so on alternately till there are three rows or tufts in pairs. Now net 30 plain rows, increasing as before. Then a row of tufted, two rows plain, a row of tufts, two rows plain, till there are four rows of tufts; then along the sides and net two plain rows; then one row along the bottom.

For the border wind on the largest mesh 40 times of Andalusian wool or 25 of Berlin wool; with a rug needle, and wool doubled and tied in a knot at the two ends; pass the needle under the tuft of wool; secure the latter by passing the needle through the loop formed by the knot, passing it again under the tuft, and making a button-hole stitch, and the same again; now fasten it into one of the stitches in the outside row of the narrowest side of the netting, or what looks like the neck. Make another ball, fasten it into the 4th stitch, and so repeat along the neck and down the two slanting sides.

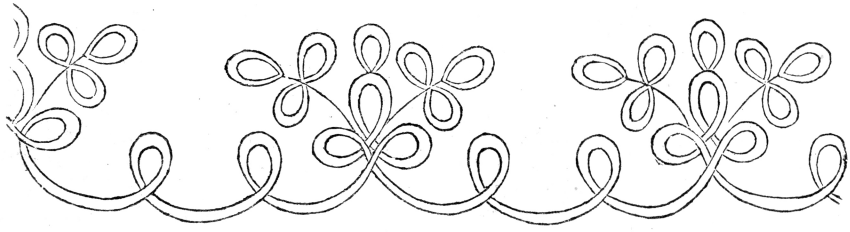
EMBROIDERY.



INITIALS FOR A PILLOW-CASE.



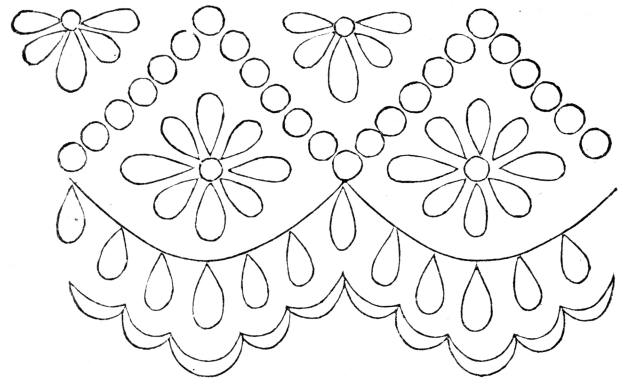
BRAIDING PATTERN.

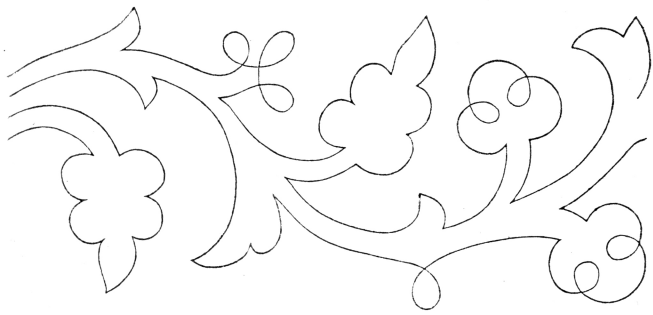


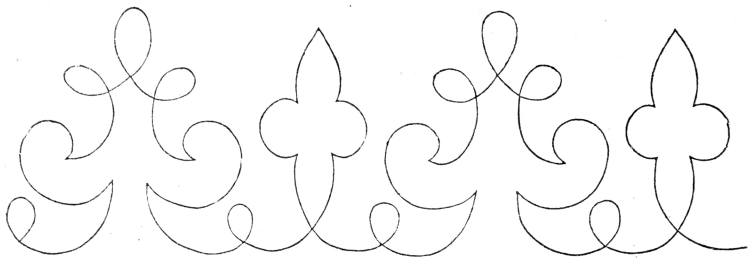
NEW EMBROIDERY AND BRAIDING PATTERNS.

PREPARED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF W. CAMERON,

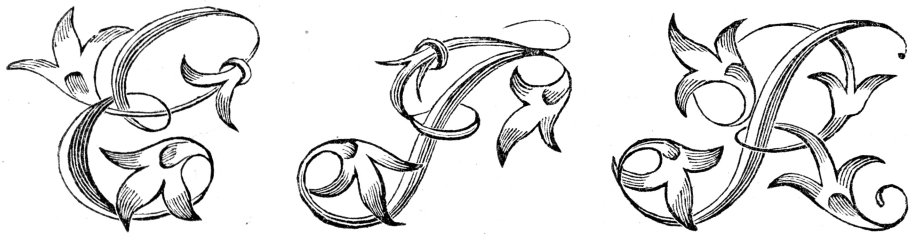
No. 228 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia.







INITIAL LETTERS FOR MARKING.



Receipts, &c.

ADVICE TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

A MINUTE account of the annual income and the times of payment should be kept in writing; likewise an estimate of the supposed amount of each article of expense; and those who are early accustomed to calculations on domestic articles will acquire so accurate a knowledge of what their establishment requires, as will enable them to keep the happy medium between prodigality and parsimony.

In apportioning the items of expenditure of a family, something should always be assigned for the use of the poor, which enables any pressing case of distress to be at once attended to, without a question "whether the money can be spared."

Perhaps few branches of female education are more useful than great readiness in figures. Accounts should be regularly kept, and not the smallest article omitted to be entered. If balanced every week or month, the income and outgoings will be ascertained with facility, and their proportions to each other be duly observed. Some people fix on stated sums to be appropriated to each different article, as house, clothes, pocket, education of children, etc. Whatever be the amount of household expenditure, a certain mode should be adopted, and strictly adhered to. Besides the regular account-book, in which the receipt of money and every payment should be regularly entered, a commonplace-book should be always at hand for the entry of observations regarding agreements with tradesmen, servants, and various other subjects, so as to enable the mistress of the house at once to ascertain the exact state of the affairs under her immediate management.

Want of arrangement leads to loss of time; and time, if lost, can never be regained. Early hours, order, punctuality, and method, are its great economists, and cannot be too rigidly enforced. If orders be given soon in the morning, there will be more time to execute them; and servants, by doing their work without hurry and bustle, will be more likely to do it well, and fewer might be necessary.

To give unvarying rules cannot be attempted, as people ought to act differently under different circumstances: the minutiæ of management must therefore be regulated by every one's fortune, but there are many general rules which will be found equally advantageous to all.

It is very necessary for the mistress of a family to be informed of the prices and goodness of all articles in common use, and of the best times, as well as places, for purchasing them. She should also be acquainted with the *comparative* prices of provisions, in order that she may be able to substitute those that are most reasonable, when they will answer as well, for others of the same kind, but which are more costly. On this, however, it has been well remarked, that "small families should never encumber themselves with huge and perhaps awkward pieces of even excellent meat, under the idea that it is cheap, because offered below the market price; nominally it may be so, but in the end it will be found exceedingly dear. There will necessarily be a large portion of bone; and if soups be not wanted, the bones will be made no use of, although they not only weigh heavy, but are paid for at the same price as the prime parts of the meat."

Those who cannot afford to give the high prices demanded for the best joints are recommended to purchase what are termed "the inferior joints," provided they be of the *best quality:* thus, a shoulder of good mutton or veal is far preferable to the leg or fillet of an ill-conditioned sheep or calf. Inferior meat will never do credit to the cook, but inferior joints may be improved by cookery, and rendered equal to the best. It is the same with fish; while one fresh egg will go as far as three which have lost their richness by long keeping. In short, the purchase of "cheap things" will generally be found false economy.

Respecting servants, there are a few things which cannot be too strongly urged: one is, never to retain a cook who is not fond of her occupation: for unless she takes pleasure in her art, she cannot be depended upon for accuracy in the preparation of dishes with which she is well acquainted, and will not easily be induced to learn anything new. She must also possess a natural regard for cleanliness, or all the pains in the world will never render her cleanly; where dirty habits are manifested, dismissal should follow, for in almost every instance they will be found incurable. Another point of main importance is her *temper;* for if that be not good, she will be disinclined to receive instruction, and, if found fault with, may, out of pique, spoil a dinner; whereas a good-humored, intelligent servant, when acquainted with the habits of the house, and equal to her common duties, will hardly fail of success when called upon by her mistress to try any of those receipts which she has not already used.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

VEAL POTAGE.—Take off a knuckle of veal all the meat that can be made into cutlets, etc., and set the remainder on to stew, with an onion, a bunch of herbs, a blade of mace, some whole pepper, and five pints of water; cover it close, and let it do on a slow fire, four or five hours at least. Strain it, and set it by till next day; then take the fat and sediment from the jelly, and simmer it with either turnips, celery, sea-kale, and Jerusalem artichokes, or some of each, cut into small dice, till tender, seasoning it with salt and pepper. Before serving, rub down half a spoonful of flour, with half a pint of good cream, and butter the size of a walnut, and boil a few minutes. Let a small roll simmer in the soup, and serve this with it. It should be as thick as middling cream, and, if thus made of the vegetables above mentioned, will make a very delicate white potage. The potage may also be thickened with rice and pearl barley; or the veal may be minced, and served up in the tureen.

SAGO SOUP.—Take gravy soup, quite clear and brown; add to it a sufficient quantity of sago to thicken it to the consistency of pea soup, and season it with soy and ketchup; to which may be added a small glass of red wine, or a little lemon juice It may also be made as a *white soup*, of beef, by leaving out the soy and ketchup, and using white wine, adding a little cream and mace.

TO BAKE A SHAD.—Empty and wash the fish with care, but do not open it more than is necessary, and keep on the head and fins. Then stuff it with forcemeat. Sew it up, or fasten it with fine skewers, and rub the fish over with the yolk of egg and a little of the stuffing.

Put into the pan in which the fish is to be baked, about a gill of wine, or the same quantity of water mixed with a tablespoonful of Cayenne vinegar, or common vinegar will do. Baked in a moderate oven one and a half or two hours, or according to its size.

TO SOUSE ROCK-FISH.—Boil the fish with a little salt in the water until it is thoroughly cooked. Reserve part of

the water in which it was boiled, to which add whole pepper, salt, vinegar, cloves, allspice, and mace, to your taste; boil it up to extract the strength from the spice; and add the vinegar after it is boiled. Cut off the head and tail of the fish and divide the rest in several portions. Put it in a stone jar, and when the fish is quite cold, pour the liquor over it. It will be fit to use in a day or two, and will keep in a cold place two or three weeks.

To Fry Haddock.—If of a very small size, they may be turned round with their tails run through their jaws; but this cannot be done when they are large; they are in that case either cut in slices or filletted, and fried with crums of bread and egg.

Croquettes of Fish.—Take dressed fish of any kind, separate it from the bones, mince it with a little seasoning, an egg beaten with a teaspoonful of flour, and one of milk; roll it into balls; brush the outside with egg, and dredge it well with bread crums, fry them of a nice color: the bones, heads, tails, with an onion, an anchovy, and a pint of water, stewed together, will make the gravy. Lobsters make delicate croquettes; in which case the shell should be broken, and boiled down for the gravy.

Beef Tongue.—If it has been dried and smoked before it is dressed, it should be soaked over night, but if only pickled, a few hours will be sufficient. Put it in a pot of cold water over a slow fire for an hour or two, before it comes to a boil. Then let it simmer gently for from three and a half to four hours, according to its size; ascertain when it is done by probing it with a skewer. Take the skin off, and before serving surround the root with a paper frill.

Vegetable Soup.—Four quarts of cold water, a half-pint of small barley, and two tablespoonsful of beef dripping, or a lump of fat from cold roast beef, or any fat from meat which is not otherwise needed; a teaspoonful of salt; of pepper, half a teaspoonful. Let this boil gently for two hours, the four quarts will then be reduced to two. Shred up two large well-cleaned carrots in slices not too thick, also four large onions finely shred or chopped, two heads of celery, and three or four turnips cut up in very small pieces; put all these in when the soup is boiling. Let it boil gently for an hour and a half. Mix in a basin, a piled tablespoonful of flour with a little cold water till it is like cream; burn in an iron spoon, a teaspoonful of moist sugar till it resembles treacle. Pour on this a little boiling water, and mix it with the flour, then pour the whole into the soup, stir it well, let it simmer once, and the soup is ready.

Stewed Veal and Peas.—Cut into pieces a breast or a neck of veal, and stew it two hours, with two onions, pepper and salt, and broth or water to cover it; then add two quarts of green peas and a sprig of mint, and stew half an hour longer: thicken, if required, with butter and flour. Dish up the peas, and heap peas in the centre.

French Receipt for Boiling a Ham.—After having soaked, thoroughly cleaned, and trimmed the ham, put over it a little very sweet clean hay, and tie it up in a thin cloth; place it in a ham kettle, a braising pan, or any other vessel as nearly of its size as can be, and cover it with two parts of cold water, and one of light white wine (we think the reader will perhaps find *cider* a good substitute for this); add, when it boils and has been skimmed, four or five carrots, two or three onions, a large bunch of savory herbs, and the smallest bit of garlic. Let the whole simmer gently from four to five hours, or longer should the ham be very large. When perfectly tender, lift it out, take off the rind, and sprinkle over it some fine crums, or some raspings of bread mixed with a little finely minced parsley.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Apples and Rice.—The following receipt makes an excellent dish for either luncheon or supper, and, when eaten cold, it will be found acceptable in hot weather. It can be made with any sort of fruit. Wash some rice (the quantity must be regulated by the size of the dish), pour a little cold water over it, and set it in the oven until the water is absorbed in the rice. Then add a little milk, and work that in with a spoon. Place the dish again in the oven, and keep working it from time to time until the rice is soft. When this is the case, work in a few spoonfuls of cream. Take some good baking-apples, pare, core, and quarter them, and place them in a tart-dish with sugar and the grated rind of a lemon. Place the rice at the top, and bake in a moderate oven until the rice assumes a light-brown surface.

Vermont Currant Cake.—One cup of butter, one of sweet milk, one of currants, three of sugar, four of flour, four eggs, one teaspoonful cream tartar, half teaspoonful soda, nutmeg, lemon, or vanilla. Made sometimes with less sugar.

A German Trifle.—Put a pint of strawberries, or any other fresh fruit, in the bottom of a glass dish. Sugar the fruit, put over it a layer of macaroons; and pour over it a custard, made with a quart of fresh milk and the yolks of eight eggs beaten, sweetened to taste, and scalding hot. When cold, place on the top the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth with a little sugar, or cream whipped to a froth. The egg may be ornamented by beating currant jelly with part of it, and putting it in alternate hills of white and pink.

A Cabinet Pudding.—Boil one and a half pint of new milk with sufficient loaf-sugar to sweeten it, the peel of a fresh lemon, cut thinly, a little cinnamon, mace, and cloves. Boil all these ingredients as if for custard. Beat up nine eggs, omitting the whites of four. Pour the boiling milk, etc., on to these, stirring continually during the operation, then strain the whole through a hair sieve, and let it stand till cold. Take a good-sized pudding mould, butter it well, and line it with spongecakes, cut into thin slices (it will probably require four). Pour the custard into the mould, and tie it close. It will take an hour and a half to boil. It is an improvement, after buttering the mould, and before placing the spongecakes, to arrange some stoned raisins, slices of candied peel, and nutmeg. Serve hot with wine sauce.

Rice Biscuits.—Take half a pound of sugar, half a pound of the best ground rice, half a pound of butter, and half a pound of flour, and mix the whole into a paste with eggs (two are sufficient for this quantity).

Salade d'Oranges. *Delicious for dessert.*—Peel and slice six large oranges, and arrange them in a dessert centre dish, with powdered loaf sugar sprinkled over every layer. Add some Madeira wine, and sprinkle white sugar over all the moment before it is served.

Jenny Lind's Pudding.—Grate the crums of half a loaf, butter and dish well, and lay in a thick layer of the crums; pare ten or twelve apples, cut them down, and put a layer of them and sugar; then crums alternately, until the dish is full; put a bit of butter on the top, and bake it in an oven or American reflector. An excellent and economical pudding.

CHOCOLATE DROPS.—Take one pound and a half of chocolate, put it on a pewter plate, and put it in the oven just to warm the chocolate, then put it into a copper stew pan with three-quarters of a pound of powdered sugar; mix it well over the fire, take it off, and roll it in pieces the size of a small marble, put them on white paper, and when they are all on, take the sheets of paper by each corner and lift it up and down, so that the paper may touch the table each time, and by that means you will see the drops come quite flat, about the size of a sixpence; put some sugar nonpareils over them, and cover all that are on the paper, then shake them off, and you will see all the chocolate drops are covered with the sugar nonpareils; let them stand till cold and they will come off well, and then put them in a box prepared.

LEMON PRESERVE FOR TARTS.—Take one pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, six eggs, leaving out the whites of two, and the juice and grated rinds of three lemons. Put these ingredients into a saucepan, and stir the whole gently over a slow fire, until it becomes as thick as honey. Then pour the mixture thus prepared into small jars, and tie brandy papers over them, and keep them in a cool, dry place.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Take two pound of apples, pare and core them, slice them into a pan, and add one pound of loaf sugar, the juice of three lemons, and the grated rind of one. Let these boil until they become a thick mass, which will take about two hours. Turn it into a mould, and serve it cold with either thick custard or cream.

A SIMPLE SWISS PUDDING.—Mix well together the following ingredients: Half a pound of bread crums, half a pound of beef suet, minced fine, and half a pound of apples which have been pared, cored, and chopped small, six ounces of sifted loaf sugar, the juice and grated peel of one lemon, and a little salt. After well mixing, put it into a mould, and boil four hours.

FRUIT CAKE.—Two cups of molasses, two of brown sugar, two of butter, one of milk, five of flour, five eggs, one teaspoonful saleratus; cut up the butter in the milk, warm the molasses, stir it into the milk and butter, then stir in the sugar and let it cool, then add the egg well beaten, one pound of raisins, one of currants, half pound citron; bake in a slow oven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRESERVING SPONGES.—If a sponge becomes slimy and hard, washing it in milk will put it all right again; washing in buttermilk or whey will make it as good as new.

BOTTLE CEMENT.—Melt together equal parts of yellow wax and resin, and add powdered Venetian red to color it.

MARBLE STAINS.—Mix up very strong soap-lees with quicklime to the consistency of milk, put it on to the marble with a brush, leave it on for twenty-four hours, and afterwards wash it off with soap and water. Should this fail, the following may be tried: Take two parts of common soda, one part pumice stone, and one part finely powdered chalk; sift through a fine sieve, and mix with water. Rub it well over the marble and wash with soap and water.

DISINFECTING AGENTS.—Either of the following will answer the purpose, while they cost but a trifle:—

1. One pint of the liquor of chloride of zinc in one pailful of water, and one pound of chloride of lime in another pailful of water. This is perhaps the most effective of anything that can be used, and when thrown upon decayed vegetable matter of any description, will effectually destroy all offensive odors.

2. Two or three pounds of sulphate of iron (copperas) dissolved in a pailful of water, will, in many cases, be sufficient to remove all offensive odors.

3. Chloride of lime is better to scatter about in damp places, in yards, in damp cellars, and upon heaps of filth.

TO PERFUME CLOTHES.—Cloves, in coarse powder, one ounce; cassia, one ounce; lavender flowers, one ounce; lemon-peel, one ounce. Mix and put them into little bags, and place them where the clothes are kept, or wrap the clothes round them. They will keep off insects.

TO MAKE AND FINE COFFEE.—Put a sufficient quantity of the coffee into the pot, and pour boiling water on it; stir it, and place it on the fire. Make it boil, and as soon as four or five bubbles have risen, take it off the fire and pour out a teacupful and return it; set it down for one minute, then pour gently over the top one teacupful of cold water; let it stand one minute longer, and it will be bright and fine. The cold water, by its great density, sinks and carries the grounds with it.

COLD CREAM.—One pound of lard, three ounces of spermaceti. Melt with a gentle heat, and when cooling stir in orange flower water, one ounce, essence of lavender, twenty-six drops.

TINCTURE OF ROSES.—Take the leaves of the common rose (centifolia), and place, without pressing them, in a common bottle; pour some good spirits of wine upon them, close the bottle, and let it stand till required for use. This tincture will keep for years, and yield a perfume little inferior to attar of roses; a few drops of it will suffice to impregnate the atmosphere of a room with a delicious odor. Common vinegar is greatly improved by a very small quantity being added to it.

INK.—A few cloves added to ink will prevent it becoming mouldy, and impart an agreeable perfume.

WASHING PREPARATION.—Put one pound of saltpetre into a gallon of water, and keep it in a corked jug; two tablespoonsful for a pint of soap. Soak, wash, and boil as usual. This bleaches the clothes beautifully, without injuring the fabric.

CASTLE PUDDINGS.—Two eggs in the shell, their weight in butter, flour and white sugar each. Put the butter in a pan before the fire till half melted, then beat into a cream. Beat the yolks and whites of the eggs together for ten minutes, mix gently with the butter, add the sugar, and then the flour by degrees, with a very little nutmeg and grated lemon peel. Put it into five or six cups; half fill them, and bake in a slow oven about half an hour.

HOW TO PREPARE STARCH FOR USE.—Take a quart basin and put into it a tablespoonful of the best starch, which, with a clean wooden spoon kept for the purpose, gradually moisten and rub down with a quarter of a pint of cold water, adding only a tablespoonful at a time. When in a perfectly smooth state, and about the consistence of cream, gradually stir into it about a pint of boiling water. Then pour the mixture into a clean glazed pipkin, kept for the purpose, and stir it over a gentle fire till it boils, adding a *lump of sugar which prevents the starch from sticking to the hot iron.* While in a boiling state take a piece of wax candle and turn it round two or three times: this gives a smooth and glossy surface to the linen after it has been ironed. Then strain the starch, thus prepared, through a piece of coarse muslin into a basin, cover it over with a plate to prevent a skin forming on the top, and then before it is quite cold it is ready for use.

Editors' Table.

BIBLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF WOMEN.

A LITTLE MAID.

And she said unto her mistress: Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy.—2 *Kings, chap.* v, *verse* 3.

We find, in the Old Testament history, but two examples of the seeming influence of unmarried women, bringing about wonderful and important events in God's special providences over the destiny of His chosen people. These two are "Miriam the prophetess," and "a little maid who waited on Naaman's wife."

Naaman was captain of the host of the King of Syria, and, like the Duke of Wellington, seems to have held the heart of the kingdom in his keeping. "A mighty man of valor, and honorable; but *he was a leper!*"

How deeply this awful plague must have weighed on the haughty spirit of the "great man!" And yet, he might have had the "iron will" that kept down all open manifestations of his misery. Not thus would his loving and sorrowing wife be able to conceal her wretchedness, when, looking on her noble and adored husband, she marked the daily progress of this loathsome disease, that was disfiguring his manly beauty and eating out his life. There was no help, no hope. It was God's curse, and none but He could cure! Who would have imagined that God's agent, in suggesting the way for the healing of this heathen leper, which healing proved also the saving of his soul, was to be a Hebrew captive girl—"a little maid"—torn from her home and country by the ravaging soldiers of this "great captain," and kept in his palace to wait on his wife!

Let us enter the palace, and see Naaman, as he is leaving the gorgeous magnificence of his wife's apartment; arrayed in his robes of state, he goes to attend the King of Syria, his master, who "leaned on his hand" when worshipping "in the house of his god Rimmon." Hence, we learn that Naaman was a courtier, as well as a "great captain;" his soul must have been bound in the chains of idolatry, by the favors and the honors his king had conferred upon him.

What were all these glories but dust and ashes to the leprous sufferer's wife! True, she must restrain all expressions of grief while Naaman is near, although her heart-strings seem breaking with the pent-up flood of sorrow; but when her husband has gone forth to attend the king, does not her hopeless, helpless misery find expression in her tears and sobbings, as she turns, shuddering, from the farewell kiss of her husband, and buries her pallid face in the folds of her white cashmere, as though she would hide from herself?

Oh, how sweet must have come to her ear the soft, yet assured voice of her little Hebrew maid, who, having perfect faith in God and in His prophet, promised, or prophesied, that Naaman could be cured of his leprosy! And as the despairing wife lifted up her startled glance, and met the loving, lustrous eyes, that, in their dove-like softness, seemed to beam with angelic sympathy, and the very light of heavenly hope and faith, did she not, that heathen woman, feel her own soul penetrated with the divine truth of the promise? Did she not feel that her husband would be saved?

One most wonderful feature of this life photograph of sacred history, is the perfect faith which all seem to have felt in the prediction of the little maid. The King of Syria, as well as Naaman, must have believed in its truth, because they both acted on its authority as inspired. The King of Israel was overwhelmed by the responsibility thus thrown on him to cure the leper. The prophet Elisha accepted the part assigned him as from the Lord. The result was the perfect cure of Naaman; "after he had dipped (or washed) himself seven times in Jordan, his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean."—*The chapter should be read.*

Not only did the flesh of Naaman "come again as a little child;" but his heart was changed to love the Lord God and renounce idol worship. This is, we believe, the only record of the conversion of any among the chief men of the heathen nations that dwelt near Israel. Faith in God, and words fitly spoken—these are woman's best resources when she seeks to do good.

Would not our readers like to know more of the story of this little maid? Was she freed? loaded with tokens of gratitude from Naaman and his wife, and taken in triumph to her own home in the holy land? These things we can never know.

But one truth is sure. This little maid had that faith in God which incited her to do good. Wherever she went, she would make sunshine around her pathway. While she kept her faith pure and warm by doing good, and thus teaching faith and love to those who needed her sympathy, she must have been happy. The ministering angels thus bring heaven down to earth. The soul of faith, the heart of love, and the hand of sympathy to help all who suffer, are the glorious wealth of womanhood. Single women, who have these best gifts of God, may seem to those whose happiness is the pomps and vanities, the business and bustle of the world, to be very sad and lonely. But the ministering angels, who see the silver lining to the clouds of life, would sing to their golden harps, the joys of those who follow the Lamb of God—"the meek"—"the merciful"—"the pure in heart"—and "the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Is it not the beauty of its gospel tenderness that makes the loveliest aspect of this Bible photograph? "A little maid" who loved her enemies, and did good to those who had made her suffer, who sympathized, even in her humble state, with the sorrows of the proud, the rich, the honorable, whom she served as a captive slave; and more than all this, "a little maid," who worshipped the true God, called on His holy name as if to invoke Him to have mercy on the afflicted heathen, and by the power of His prophet, to grant them relief. What sublime generosity! What perfect charity.

This picture is a touching illustration of the many privileges and blessings which lie open in the path of woman, be she married or single, if she live in a Bible land. To the young, and particularly to those who have to struggle with trials and hardships, seeing only the dark side of life; to all such sufferers the little maid seems to say—be patient and hopeful; strive to get and keep the faith that always trusts in God; and then show the generosity of mind, and charity of heart towards others, which always finds opportunities of doing good.

VASSAR COLLEGE—AND ITS ORGANIZATION.

WE have the authority of Mr. Vassar* for stating that it is the intention of those who have the care of this great Institution to have it opened next September; we intimated this in our January number. As we have many inquiries made us respecting this college, we will proceed to give such items of its progress and general purposes as seem, in our opinion, most interesting to the public, and particularly to ladies.

The Trustees, at their meeting in February, had two important propositions before them; neither of these was decided finally, but left open for their annual meeting in June. The first concerned the style or title of the institution: Shall it be called *Vassar Female College*, or *Vassar College for Young Women?*

The second proposition related to the organization of the College. There are to be nine professorships:—the President is, of course, a gentleman—the head of the Institution. The question is, Shall all the professors be gentlemen? or shall there be ladies to fill a portion of the departments? with a Directress or lady Principal, whose influence and office shall be next in rank to the President?

It had been argued that *men* must be appointed to all the professorships as a necessity, because no women in our country would be found capable of doing the duties required. This opinion was not unanimous among the Trustees, therefore, dissertations on the subject were invited from all who took interest in these matters.

As the Lady's Book, from its title, is pledged to be the friend of the "weaker vessel," and, in its *great mission of calling women to their own duties, must* uphold the moral capabilities of the sex, through which humanity feels its kinship with divinity—"God sent forth His son made of a woman!"—therefore, we could not do otherwise than meet the courteous invitation of the Trustees, and set forth our reasons for believing that this low estimate of woman's capacity and qualifications was a mistake. This article, furnished by a friend of woman, will be found in the Editors' Table of February.

The writer of the article has since suggested a way by which these lady candidates may be found. We quote from his letter:—

"I am satisfied, that if the Trustees of Vassar College would pursue a very usual course—announce in the public journals that certain professorships were to be filled by ladies, state the salary to be given, and the qualifications required, and call upon aspirants to send the proper testimonials—they would be surprised by the number of well-qualified applicants, whom they could then hear of for the first time; well-educated and capable women, who have remained unknown, simply because no opportunity of rising into public eminence and usefulness has ever been offered to them, or to their class before. But this will all come right some day, if not in Mr. Vassar's College, then in some other."

THE GREAT WORK DEVOLVING ON VASSAR COLLEGE.

In regard to the need of womanly assistance, influence, and guidance in this important institution, this educational home for the daughters of America—it seems unnecessary to use arguments. The holiest human feelings of man's heart tell him that *woman makes the home.* This idea was beautifully carried out in Mr. Vassar's address before the Trustees, when he gave his rich endowment of half a million to found this college. He says: "The mothers of a country mould the character of its citizens, determine its institutions, and shape its destiny." If with the sons of the Republic, *maternal influence* is so potent, shall it be excluded or weakened in the places where the character of our daughters is to be formed?

Would a wise Christian father, whose dying wife committed to his love and care a large family of daughters (from the ages of seven to seventeen), even did he determine to educate these at home, devoting himself entirely to their culture, because he knew that he was more learned than any lady he could find, would he call to his assistance as teachers only *men*, because they were more learned than women? Would he not seek for a pious and cultivated lady as governess or directress of his household, and confide to her, even if she were not deeply versed in scholastic lore, the inner sanctuary of woman's nature, the heart and conscience, as well as the outward semblance of manner and costume, that is to say, the conduct, conversation, and character of his daughters to the training and example of a Christian lady?

If Vassar College is to be like a Christian home for the young ladies, will they not need this maternal instruction, influence, guidance, and example, only to be gained from an educated and truly Christian lady?

A significant circumstance has lately happened in Paris. The French Academy has accorded a prize of three thousand francs to the writings of Eugenie de Guerin. In life she was unknown, she has been dead fifteen years; and now her diary is found to contain such gems of genius united with true piety, that English Protestants, learned and religious men, are sounding her praises.

May it not be the noble office of Vassar College to call to its ranks of celebrated instructors, some of these humble followers of the Lord Jesus; some one, perhaps, even now, whose gifts and graces have been, hitherto, hidden from the world?

Is not the name of Florence Nightingale the crown and glory of England's war in the Crimea? Yet, without that special opportunity for her talents and services, her worth would never have been known, her name never distinguished. It seems to us that one important feature in the benefits Vassar College has the power of conferring on woman, and, of course, on humanity, is its recognition of her capabilities as the teacheress of the human race.

God must have gifted woman for this duty, because He has given childhood to her especial care. Her influence and example are paramount over both sexes during the age when character is forming; she stamps the soul. Nor is it in the power of men to abrogate her office; but they can mar it, even turn its best good to the worst evil, by withholding from her the right education and the right opportunities. In heathen lands this injustice of men to the feminine sex has always prevailed; the crushing process seems now complete. Therefore, those nations are in moral darkness and political degradation. "The woman is the glory of the man;" and man, must he not only acknowledge this ordinance of Infinite Wisdom, but act upon it in all his relations towards woman, before he will become "the glory of God?"

THE STYLE AND TITLE OF VASSAR COLLEGE.

Let us examine the signification of the first name proposed—"*Vassar Female College.*" This title is neither true nor proper; it does not define the class of persons for whom such places of education are intended. "*A female college,*" is a place for *females.* Putting aside the idea that it might mean animals—(the word signifies "all creatures that bear or bring forth young")—as one that no Christian would entertain, yet it certainly does include all the feminine sex. Little girls and old ladies are as surely females, as our young ladies from the ages of twelve to twenty-five; yet these last are the only class

* Those of our readers who desire further information about this college should address their letters to Hon. Matthew Vassar, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

for which Vassar College was endowed. Could it be truly or properly styled, *a college for females?*

But the adjective term is in popular use, say the critics; therefore, it is the best and most suitable. Would these learned gentlemen allow their own Bible appellation—"And God said, let us make *man*," etc.—to be thus desecrated and degraded? For example, the phrase is in common use, in the newspapers, and in speech. "I saw a gentleman walking with a *female*." Were it said, "I saw a *male* walking with a lady," would not the language be considered vulgar and ridiculous? There is no more need for using *female* for *woman*, either as noun or adjective, than of using *male* for *man*. The collaterals for both are ample, significant, and beautiful; *man, woman; manly, womanly; masculine, feminine;* this last term is one of the best definitions of womanhood in its peculiar characteristics that our language affords, yet it is rarely used. Why not say *feminine* or *womanly*, when alluding to women's character, genius, beauty, taste, *etc.*, as we do say *manly* or *masculine*, when man's character, genius, pursuits, and tastes are mentioned? There are higher considerations in this question. The Bible standard of language and significances is violated and degraded when *female* is used as the name or synonym for man's helper. "She shall be called woman," is the inspired declaration. And so carefully does God's authority guard her right to this name and its synonyms, that the term *female* is never used for her, except in contradistinction to man as *male;* this occurs but twelve times in the Bible; her other appellations (never applied to an animal) are used over thirteen hundred times in the Holy Book.

Does it seem suitable that the term *female*, which is not a synonym for *woman*, and never signifies *lady*, should have place in the title of this noble Institution? The generous Founder intended it for "young women." The Bible and the Anglo-Saxon language mark, as the best and the highest style—VASSAR COLLEGE FOR YOUNG WOMEN!

LETTER TO THE EDITRESS.

NEW YORK, *Feb.* 15, 1864.

DEAR MRS. HALE: I have read with pleasure, "Hints for the Nursery, or, The Young Mother's Guide," written by your friend Mrs. C. A. Hopkinson. Her style is remarkably clear and pleasing. The book is so divided, that it can easily be consulted upon any subject. It is peculiarly adapted for the nursery. A mother who has had nursery experience, is the only one who can instruct in that department. The advice contained in the second, third, fourth, and eleventh chapters, should be followed by every young mother. I have a number of books written expressly for mothers, and I often consult them, as I feel more and more my own unfitness to train, physically and morally, the children God has given me. I can scarcely tell which book I have found most interesting and instructive. Abbot's "Mother at Home," and "Bacon on Parental Training," certainly rank among the best. The latter should not only be read by mothers, but by every father. I have sometimes felt that if fathers would co-operate more with mothers in the governing and training of their children, we should have a more elevated class of young men than we now have. If parents could only realize that their precious children may be doomed to happiness or misery, to bliss eternal or to endless woe, through their example, influence, and instruction, how earnestly would they pray for light, how eagerly seek out every book that would aid them in the path of duty!

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QUEENLY EXAMPLES—THE CONTRAST.

VICTORIA, OF ENGLAND, is an excellent economist, sometimes called too parsimonious; but then she is always just and punctual. An English writer says:—

"It is certainly a fact, that so far as her milliners and dress-makers are concerned, her Majesty likes to know the price of articles before commanding them—a practice which her subjects would do well to follow; and all her trades-people know full well that their accounts must be punctually rendered every three months, when they are punctually discharged—another example well worthy of imitation, and one which, if the ladies of our aristocracy would but follow, they would find themselves saving at least fifty per cent. on their milliners' bills."

EUGENIE OF FRANCE.—In a letter from Paris, we find the following details:—

"The passion of the Empress for dress amounts almost to a monomania. Eugenie never appears twice in the same dress, but changes the material and color every day. It is said, that in the front centre of the ceiling of her private dressing-room, there is a trap-door opening into a spacious hall above, filled with 'presses,' each containing a dress exhibited on a frame, looking like an effigy of the Empress herself. In a part of these presses there is a little railway leading to the door, through which the dressed effigy descends in to the Empress. If it please her majesty, the dress is lifted from the frame and placed upon the imperial person; if not, it is whipped up, and another comes down in its place, and perhaps another and another."

QUEEN BEES.—As we are on the theme of high examples, it may be interesting to take a peep at the modes of respect and affection which instinct has written on the *feelings* of the working (female) bee towards her queen. A strong hive of bees will contain 36,000 workers. Each of these, in order to be assured of the presence of their queen, touches her every day with its antennæ or *feelers*. Should the queen die, or be removed, the whole colony disperse themselves, and are seen in the hive no more, perishing every one, and quitting all the store of now useless honey which they had labored so industriously to collect for the use of themselves and of the larvæ. On the contrary, should the queen be put into a small wire cage placed at the bottom of the hive, so that her subjects can touch and feed her, they are contented, and the business of the hive proceeds as usual.

ANECDOTES ABOUT SMOKING:—

A young lady was recently asked in a French railway carriage whether she would be incommoded by the smoke of a cigar. She replied that she did not know, as no gentleman had ever smoked in her presence.

A Scotch lady writes thus of gentlemen who use tobacco:—

"May never lady press his lips, his proffered love returning,
Who makes a furnace of his mouth, and keeps his chimney burning.
May each true woman shun his sight, for fear his fumes would choke her,
And none but those who smoke themselves have kisses for a smoker."

WHY WASHINGTON IRVING DID NOT MARRY.—In the fourth volume of the "Life and Letters" of this distinguished writer and *gentleman*, there is a glimpse of his inner heart, which shows his noble, honorable, and self-sacrificing character in such a manly yet tender light that we set it as a rare gem in our Book.

"You wonder why I am not married. I have shown you why I was not long since. When I had sufficiently recovered from that loss [his first love] I became involved in ruin. It was not for a man broken down in the world to drag any woman to his paltry circumstances. I was too proud to tolerate the idea of ever mending my circumstances by matrimony. My time has now gone by; and I have growing claims upon my thoughts and upon my means, slender and precarious as they are. I feel as if I had already a family [his nieces] to think and provide for."

HINTS ABOUT HEALTH.

THE MOTHER TO BE CARED FOR.—No farmer's wife who is a mother ought to be allowed to do the washing of the family; it is perilous to any woman who has not a vigorous constitution. The farmer, if too poor to afford help for that purpose, had better exchange a day's work himself. There are several dangers to be avoided while at the tub—it requires a person to stand for hours at a time; this is a strain upon the young wife or mother, which is especially perilous; besides, the evaporation of heat from the arms, by being put in warm water and then raised in the air alternately, so rapidly cools the system that inflammation of the lungs is a very possible result; then, the labor of washing excites perspiration and induces fatigue; in this condition the body is so susceptible to taking cold that a few moments rest in a chair, or exposure to a very slight draft of air, is quite enough to cause a chill, with results painful or even dangerous, according to the particular condition of the system at the time. No man has a right to risk his wife's health in this way,

however poor, if he has vigorous health himself; and, if poor, he cannot afford, for the small sum which would pay for a day's washing, to risk his wife's health, her time for two or three weeks, and the incurring of a doctor's bill, which it may require painful economies for months to liquidate.—*Dr. Hall.*

SLEEPING ROOMS.—Special attention should be given to sleeping rooms; have these well ventilated; pure air is more necessary when we sleep than when we are awake. Never sleep in a close room with all the doors and windows closed; even in the coldest weather, one window should be partly raised, or (which is best) let down from the top, so as to admit fresh air, without allowing a draft or current on the sleeper. The window curtains may always be down, as the air strained through the muslin loses its dampness, and is more healthful.—*Dr. Wilson.*

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "The Flower of the Forest"—"Baby Nell"—"Gloria"—"The Sweet Singer"—and "The Phantom Skater."

The following are declined for want of room, and other reasons: "One among Many"—"The two Friends," etc.—"Home" (well written for a composition)—"The Engagement Announced"—"What is Beauty!" (we have not time to write particular criticisms to our contributors)—"Growing Old"—"The Wanderer"—"The Soul World" (well written)—"I Go"—"The Tie is Broken" (worth publishing if we had room)—"To Cornelia"—"Inside a Milliner's Shop"—"The Silver Wedding"—"Lines"—"Marion's Dream"—"Garrison Moore's First and Last Love"—"A Sermon at St. Mark's"—"A Page from my Life"—"My Home"—and "Harry Desmond's Choice."

We have MSS. on hand to be examined next month.

Literary Notices.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE WIFE'S SECRET. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, author of "The Rejected Wife," "Fashion and Famine," etc. We need say little of the writings of a lady whose productions are so well known and so universally admired. The story before us is one of exceeding interest; full of romance, yet with delineations true to nature.

WILLIAM ALLAIR; *or, Running away to Sea.* By Mrs. Henry Wood. An interesting and instructive story.

THE LIFE, CAMPAIGNS, AND SERVICES OF GENERAL McCLELLAN. This volume claims to contain a full history of his campaigns and battles, and his reports and correspondence with the war department and President, during the period of his command.

THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER. This is a book for popular reading, containing many particulars of the early life of General Butler, his career as a lawyer, and all his celebrated orders since he has been an officer in the United States service.

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From LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE BOOK OF DAYS. Parts 19, 20, 21, 22. A Miscellany of Popular Antiquities in Connection with the Calendar, including Anecdotes, Biography, History, etc. A most interesting work. Price only 20 cents per number.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPÆDIA. Nos. 71 and 72. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People, on the Basis of the latest editions of the German Conversationes Lexicon. With wood engravings and maps. The best Encyclopædia published, and only 20 cents a number.

From E. H. BUTLER, Philadelphia:—

THE LADIES' BOOK OF READINGS AND RECITATIONS. By John W. S. Hows, author of "The Ladies' Reader," etc. This book comprises a collection of extracts from standard authors, which, considering the work apart from its special intent as a reader in schools and seminaries, make it a valuable addition to the library. The extracts, most of them poetical, are judiciously made, and of a pleasing variety.

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From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., and PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE WIFE'S EVIDENCE. *A Novel.* By W. G. Wills, author of "Notice to Quit," etc. A skilfully wrought tale based upon the facts that by special English law the wife of a bankrupt may be called as a witness concerning her husband's affairs, and that common law declares that "a wife is not competent or compellable to give evidence for or against her husband in any criminal proceeding."

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From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through ASHMEAD & EVANS, successors to W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

THACKERAY THE HUMORIST AND THE MAN OF LETTERS. By Theodore Taylor, Esq. The present memoir, the preface tells us, "may, perhaps, be acceptable as filling an intermediate space between the newspaper or review article, and the more elaborate biography which may be expected in due course." It gives a sketch of his life and literary labors, with a selection from his characteristic speeches. To the book is appended "In Memoriam," by Charles Dickens, and a sketch by Anthony Trollope.

MOUNT VERNON, *and other Poems.* By Harvey Rice. These poems are of a superior order, and their real merit will attract the attention and win the admiration of all true lovers of the muse. The poem from which the volume takes its name is especially fine.

THE LAWS AND PRINCIPLES OF WHIST By Cavendish. This work has become so popular that a fifth edition is already reached. It states and explains the laws and principles of whist, and illustrates its practice on an original system.

APPLETON'S UNITED STATES POSTAL GUIDE. We have received the number of this publication for the quarter ending March, 1864.

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From CARLETON, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

TALES FROM THE OPERAS. Edited by George Frederick Pardon, author of "Faces in the Fire," etc. We can more heartily commend the plan of this work, than the manner in which it is carried out. The writer has confined himself too closely to the literal text of the translated operas, and not indulged in sufficient freedom of description, to which a story should be indebted for much of its interest. In their present form they are, however, far more attractive than is a bald translation of them.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION, *with Directions for Self Education.* This book shows how the art of conversing with ease and propriety may be acquired, giving most judicious hints concerning conversation in all its phases, followed by directions for mental culture. It will be read with pleasure and profit.

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From DICK & FITZGERALD, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

DIARY OF A DETECTIVE POLICE OFFICER. By

"Waters," author of "The Experiences of a French Detective Officer," etc. This is a collection of a score of detective stories, all of them of engrossing interest. If the publishers have any more books of the kind, we and the public are ready for them.

A COMPLETE PRACTICAL GUIDE TO THE ART OF DANCING. By Thomas Hillgrove. If the public do not become thoroughly versed in the art of dancing, it is not the fault of either publishers or author, who have done their respective parts most commendably. The book contains descriptions of all fashionable and approved dances, with hints on etiquette, the toilet, etc.

THE PARLOR MAGICIAN. By the author of "Parlor Tricks with Cards," etc. This volume includes a large number of tricks with dice, cards, rings, etc., illustrated by numerous engravings.

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From T. O. H. P. BURNHAM, Boston, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

A WOMAN'S RANSOM. By Frederick William Robinson, author of "Slaves of the Ring," etc. A romance of such intrinsic literary worth as this we rarely meet with, even among the many excellent novels submitted to our examination. We have not space to give it half the commendation it deserves. The characters are something more than sketches, and each remains distinct in its own individuality. The plot is ingenious and intricate, and the denouement can scarcely even be guessed at until the proper place for its development. The style is original, elegant, and finished, and proves Mr. Robinson one of the best of English writers, although but a recent acquaintance of American readers.

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From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

SORDELLO, STRAFFORD, CHRISTMAS EVE, AND EASTER DAY. By Robert Browning. Remarkable for their pure sentiment, their vigor, and their rhythm, these poems will receive earnest welcome from old friends and new. A beautiful steel engraving of their author fronts the title-page.

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From OLIVER DITSON & Co., Boston:—

"BABBLE BROOK" SONGS. By J. H. McNaughton. We thank the author for this volume of his poems. His works prove him to be a man of cultivated taste, high literary attainments, and a well-stored mind. They are elegant and polished, and read with a pleasing musical chime.

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From ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

MEET FOR HEAVEN. *A State of Grace upon Earth the only Preparation for a State of Glory in Heaven.* By the author of "Heaven our Home." Says the author in his preface: "In this volume I attempt to give a description of the state of the children of God who are already glorified; and I notice what it is—a state of grace upon earth—that gives us the preparation to join their exalted ranks."

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From WM. CARTER & BROTHER, Boston, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

DEATH AND LIFE. By Mary G. Ware, author of "Elements of Character," and "Thoughts in my Garden." The earnest, thoughtful, and religious tone of this work will commend it to many readers. The author is a woman striving to do good in her opportunity, and her efforts will not surely be thrown away. The book has the same characteristics as her previous volumes, and, like them, are deserving of careful perusal.

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From CROSBY & NICHOLS, Boston:—

PAPERS FOR THOUGHTFUL GIRLS; *with Illustrative Sketches of some Girls' Lives.* By Sarah Tytler. With illustrations by J. E. Millais. A work of its kind among the most beautiful and perfect; in the literature, sentiment, and morality, instruction and entertainment are happily blended; in the artistic department the book is a gem fit for the library of the most lovely and amiable girls of our land. For birthday presents this will be a valuable gift. We commend it to our young readers.

THE SISTERS ABROAD; *or, An Italian Journey.* By Barbara H. Channing. An interesting book, giving life-like pictures of foreign travel, that will make it useful to those who intend going abroad, and pleasant to those who have returned home after a tour. The style is easy, graphic, and *conversational*, so to speak; we should feel, even without the tender dedication, that the work had a *personal* mission, and this adds to its interest. It will be popular with boys as well as girls, and should be in all libraries for the young.

DICK RODNEY; *or, The Adventures of an Eton Boy.* By James Grant, author of "The Romance of War," "Jack Manly," etc.

MARMADUKE MERRY, THE MIDSHIPMAN; *or, My Early Days at Sea.* By Wm. H. G. Knight, author of "Peter the Whaler," "The True Blue," "The Three Midshipmen," etc.

THE RED ERIC; *or, The Whaler's Last Cruise.* A Tale. By R. M. Ballantyne, author of "The Young Fur-trader," "The Coral Islands," etc.

THE WILD MAN OF THE WEST. *A Tale of the Rocky Mountains.* By R. M. Ballantyne, author of "The Red Eric," etc.

We give this list of four books, which may be classed under the head of *safe* as well as pleasant reading for the boys of a family. We are often requested by mothers to suggest works which will interest her youthful sons, and yet be free from the sensational immoralities of the French and German romances. This list we can commend; the writers are English; and although there are wild adventures, yet wickedness is not made fascinating, nor evil disguised to appear as good. The moral influence of all these works is on the side of honor, truth, and manly nobleness of character.

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From J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston:—

COPIES FROM NATURE, *for the Use of Young Artists.* These are the best designed and most beautiful set of plates for this purpose that we have ever seen. They are five in number. For those who have a little progressed in drawing these plates will be invaluable. Ashmead & Evans of Philadelphia have them for sale.

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From JOHN P. HUNT, Pittsburg, Pa.:—

HUNT'S GAZETTEER OF THE BORDER AND SOUTHERN STATES. By R. H. Long, late of the U. S. Army. This is a handbook and reliable guide for the soldiers, with a steel plate map.

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From J. D. MENDENHALL, Doylestown, Pa.:—

HOUSEHOLD PRAYERS, *with Psalms and Hymns, for the Church in the House.* By a Country Clergyman.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

MAY, 1864.

"MAY FLOWERS."—Beautiful May. This is our leading plate for the balmy and leafy month of May. We have never published a prettier picture.

Our Fashion-plate contains six gorgeously colored figures. Really a May plate also.

Shield-shaped Hanging Pincushion is the title of our tinted engraving in this number.

"Cupid, Auctioneer," is our humorous plate. Hearts for sale, and Cupid, auctioneer. The indispensable child and inevitable Young Pickle, out of the mythology—the little heathen person with the wings, which he keeps covered up under his jacket when he goes into the society of stern purists—is depicted in the accompanying illustration in one of his most agreeable exercises. The carte de visite of Cupid, Auctioneer! Ordinarily, I believe, he prefers this sort of airy, playful no-dress—which would be positively luxurious if only sanctioned by the decencies, or the canons of a sultry climate. And the good-natured indulgence of society has always tolerated a certain latitude of apparel with respect to this amusing child. He may indulge those little odd notions of his with impunity; which, after all, must be set down to the injudicious training of his beautiful mother (a famous toast); and has the *entrée* to our drawing-rooms and public places, in that particular costume which, it is to be suspected, he relishes most—without remark or rebuke.

We say nothing of the established tricks of this notorious *enfant terrible*—of his putting peas into the hearts of elderly people; of his slyly setting what is behind the left side of their waistcoats on fire; of his discharging tiny arrows from that little pea-shooter of his, and leaving us sore for months after. These we have learnt to bear with so long that no one dreams of protest; especially as it is well known that there is no nurse to take young Master Troublesome to his nursery. But this is only one side of his humors. He is a child of tremendous precocity for his years, and looks shrewdly to business. And he does a very brisk business indeed—being a sort of polite Commission Agent, and elegant but unlicensed auctioneer—a juvenile Moses Thomas—a sort of undraped little deputy of celestial auction stores, who have their original sale-rooms up in Olympus. An inimitable miniature auctioneer, ladies and gentlemen! full of sweet invitations to bid, insinuating tricks, quips, cranks, wit, repartee, jokes; so that reluctant spectators must perforce bid. But they do not always buy, unhappily. At these crowded sale-rooms where Love is "Auctioneer and Valuator," the bidding—fast and frantic as it may have been—does not end always in sales. Often the lot is—in technical phrase—bought in, often withdrawn.

Brodie again contributes one of his valuable patterns for this number.

We give every variety of dress for the later spring months, with abundance of articles for the ladies' work-table.

MADAME DEMOREST has sent us a very beautiful supply of her well cut and ornamented dress patterns. Also some engravings, several of which we give in this number.

OUR JUNE NUMBER.—We intend to devote that number mostly to children's dresses. Mothers will be pleased at this announcement.

OUR AMAZING INCREASE.—There is no cessation to the flood of subscribers that continue to pour in upon us. Usually at this season of the year there would be a lull, but there is none this year. Everybody seems to be taking advantage of the present low rates—lower, very much lower than those of any other $3 magazine.

"GODEY has won for himself imperishable honors as a writer and manager of a popular magazine. No monthly in our land has as many eager eyes waiting for its arrival as Godey's. We have concluded to cheat him no more; therefore we notify our friends, one and all, that we will not lend our numbers of the Lady's Book this year."

We thank the editor of the Springfield *Mirror*. We have endeavored to do our duty. We have not been content, as many have, to take the money for a magazine based upon a prospectus, and not fulfil the promises there made, and probably we have found in the long run that our honesty was the best policy. We have faithfully performed every obligation we have ever entered into, and we still intend to do so. How many magazines have been started, during our career of *thirty-four* years, with infinitely more promises than we ever made, and how many of them are there that now exist? Not one. Could the Lady's Book have been published for thirty-four years, if honesty of purpose had not been the basis of it? No! Keep faith; that is the great secret.

EARLE'S GALLERY OF PAINTINGS, 816 Chestnut Street.—A visit to this gallery of splendid paintings is at any time agreeable; but lately Messrs. Earle & Son have added to it the celebrated "Derby Day," by Firth, of London. A most peculiarly interesting picture, or rather pictures within a picture, for it could be cut into several. It gives to the American public the idea of what the great "Derby Day" is in England, to attend which both Houses of Lords and Commons adjourn. Another picture is also there, "The Inventors of America," painted by Schussele.

MISSING NUMBERS.—If any subscriber fails to receive a copy of *Harper* or *Arthur*, they must write to the publisher of the magazine not received—Harper in New York, Arthur in Philadelphia. We pay the money over as soon as received, to the publisher of the magazine ordered, and the numbers are sent from their respective offices.

MUSIC RECEIVED.—We have received the following from Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, New York, and O. Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.:—

When old Friends were here.
She was all the World to me.
These two songs are by the late Stephen C. Foster.
Foster's Melodies: Bury me in the Morning, Mother.
Beauties of Terpsichore. The King. Dance music.
The Golden Bow. A mazurka.
The Young Volunteer. A song.
The Cloud with a Silver Lining. Fantasie for piano.
Katy did; Katy didn't. A comic song.

From J. W. Fortune, New York. Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of "Musical Host."

A PRETTY strong hint for borrowers. The Jefferson *Banner* says:—

"We have never refused to lend our number, but now we shall positively refuse any one who asks a loan. If you want to see a specimen number, go to the dealers, or if you wish the Book for one year, you can be accommodated by leaving the money with the editor. We would not lose the pleasure of the monthly visits of the Lady's Book for five dollars a year."

WE ask attention to the Fashion Editor's advertisement on the cover of this number.

"THE RIVERDALE INSTITUTE," at Riverdale, on the Hudson River. If we were asked to point out the most delightful place for a residence on that noble river, we should at once mention Riverdale, only fourteen miles from New York, and opposite the Palisades. From this place is obtained one of the most enchanting views. How often have we watched the turning of the tide that would bring with it the numerous sails that have been anxiously waiting that event. We have counted one hundred vessels at one time, with tide favoring, and wind "in the shoulder of their sails," wending their way up the noblest river of them all. Riverdale we may term a close corporation, as no one is allowed to purchase land there unless he is well known to those who hold the land for sale, residents of the place, and who own all the property in the neighborhood. There is not a tavern in the place, and we are under the belief that the inhabitants are all temperance men. No cars stop here on the Sabbath, and no steamboat is allowed to make a landing at any time. We have given these particulars to introduce the fact that a collegiate institution for young ladies has been established there by the Rev. W. C. Leverett, M. A. The Board of Trustees comprise the names of the most respectable inhabitants. The college, which we have seen, stands upon very high ground, some hundreds of feet above the river, and about an eighth of a mile from it. A more healthy and desirable spot could not be found. We recommend this college to all who wish to provide for their daughters a delightful residence, excellent society, and competent teachers. Any further information can be obtained by addressing H. F. Spaulding, Esq., New York City.

MR. GODEY: Your Book has afforded us so much pleasure for the last two years that I have come to the conclusion that I cannot do without it. So I set myself to work to make up a club. It is the best Lady's Book printed. It is evident that you spare no pains or expense to make it worthy of a place in every family. Nothing is more welcome to our fireside than it is, and I have recommended it to my friends for its moral purity and ennobling sentiments; and they should make it a fixed institution in their families. Long may you live to do good.

B. P. N., *Minnesota.*

A LADY was lately seen walking along Broadway, New York, with the following articles, among others, adhering to the skirt of her dress: A cooper's shaving, a dead mouse, a half-consumed cigar, a wisp of straw coated with street filth, a bunch of horsehair, a second-hand quid of tobacco, the heel of an old boot, and a quantity of street droppings! This might be paralleled any day in London.

MRS. HALE is not the Fashion Editress. Will our subscribers please remember that? Address your letters "Fashion Editress, *care of* Godey's Lady's Book, Philadelphia, Pa."

A LADY writing to us says: "You are a bachelor, with no family cares." It has taken a great deal of writing in trying to explain that we are no bachelor, but a married man with a fair lot of children.

CONUNDRUMS:—

What fruit involves a paradox?

A pear; because one is a pear (pair).

What beams often fall on men's heads without hurting them?

Sunbeams.

When is an umbrella like a person convalescent?

When it is re-covered.

THE principle upon which we act—"Nothing cheap." We clip the following from the Carthage *Republican*:—

"Every lady in the land who can afford it ought to take Godey. It is the best ladies' magazine in existence. We have taken it well nigh fifteen years, and we have yet to see within its covers one engraving or one article that bore the stamp of "cheap."

ON St. Valentine's Day, upwards of 453,000 letters—140,000 more than usual—were despatched from London, and 504,000—110,000 above the average—were delivered by the carriers.

FROM a very old volume we take the following specimen of spelling in the olden time:—

"Lady Cheeke," we read, "writing to her dear Essexe" on some dateless "new-year's night," is "hartily sorry" to hear that her husband is not well. "I wishe," says the hospitable mother to her daughter, "he wold come and lye at Pergo, that he might have all the helpe of phissitians." She wonders that Essex had not "resayved her letters" [there is no mention of her having been Irish] . . . and sends her by an "oportunety, some peaches and a feuwe nicktarrins and graps." Some fruit she sends to Essex's Lord, also, for, as she says, "I obsarved when he was hear he licked the peaches."

"NO CARDS."—This is getting to be very customary at the end of a marriage notice. We hope soon to see announced, "No presents received," upon cards of invitation.

MR. GODEY requests anecdotes of servants. One occurs to me which, at the time, amused me very much.

A few years since, while spending a winter in Mississippi, a protracted, or three days' meeting, was announced to be held in one of the churches. One of the servants, or "contrabands" as they are now called, came to me in great excitement. "O! Miss Mary, we are to have a *contracted* meeting, and now Missus is very unwell, and we shall have to carry basket dinners—*heaps on 'em.* '

To one not initiated in the "modus operandi" of conducting meetings in the southern villages formerly, these basket dinners need explanation. As the hour for dinner and intermission between the services approaches, the servants are seen issuing from the neighboring plantations with trays upon their heads, and baskets in their hands, containing pies, puddings, cake, roast turkeys, vegetables, hot coffee, table linen, crockery, etc., in fine, all the requisites for a good old-fashioned picnic. A rude table is soon constructed. If the weather is fine it is placed in the grove, if otherwise, in the church, and then all are invited to partake, of all ages, sex, and condition, the servants removing the fragments. I assure you that whatever the character of the services may have been, the entertainment was anything but *contracted.* M. E. H.

THE following advertisement recently appeared in a French paper:—

"A young lady, aged twenty-five years, with a very strong beard, which will attract the curious, wishes to become demoiselle in a *café.*"

POSTAGE on the Lady's Book, according to the late law passed last winter.

Section 36.—Postage on Godey's Lady's Book, 24 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly in advance, at the Post-office where the Book is received.

News dealers may receive their packages at the same rates, that is, 2 cents for each copy of the magazine, and may pay separately for each package as received.

A STRONG TEAM.—Messrs. Sinclair Tousey & Dexter, Hamilton & Co., the enterprising and rival newsdealers of New York city, have formed a co-partnership, and will carry on the same business, under the name of "The American News Company," at the stand of the former, No. 121 Nassau Street.

TILTON'S NEW DRAWING CARDS. "COPIES FROM NATURE, FOR YOUNG ARTISTS."—A beautiful series of picturesque sketches for the pencil. They have been long needed, and teachers and pupils will gladly welcome their appearance. Price 50 cents. J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston, Publishers.

THE first railroad made in Russia was that between St. Petersburg and Moscow, 400 miles in length. It was made by an American firm, and they ran it for the Russian government for twelve years, for which they were paid 2,500,000 roubles per annum. This firm, it is said, netted out of their Russian contracts, 30,000,000 silver roubles.

OUR NEEDLES.—New subscribers are informed that we furnish 100 of the best needles of all sizes for 30 cents, and a three cent stamp to pay return postage. We have sold millions of these needles, and they have given great satisfaction. They are the diamond drilled-eyed needles, and of the best English manufacture.

THE story of the P. H. B. Society was published in April, 1863.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

Holloway's Musical Monthly.—The May number of this favorite periodical is now ready, containing music appropriate to the season. First, is, The First Violet, a delightful romance, or divertimento, by Jungmann, author of Heimweh. Second, the beautiful song, What Joy to Listen.

What joy to hear from bough and tree
The birds their flood of music pour,

from Balfe's new opera, The Armorer of Nantes. Third, the celebrated Faust waltz, from Gounod's grand opera. This last is the third piece we have published in this volume from this most remarkable and successful opera. When it is remembered that every piece of music in every number of the Monthly is prefaced by a showy title-page engraved expressly for the work, a feature that no other musical periodical has ever dared to attempt, and that the work is printed on the best heavy music paper (not newspaper), from engraved plates (not type), and in other features resembles the highest cost *sheet* music, it will be seen how cheap and desirable a year's subscription to Holloway's Musical Monthly really is.

Our subscription list this year has already doubled that of last year, and every mail continues to bring in names from all parts of the country. Opera-music, songs, ballads, transcriptions, variations, polkas, waltzes, etc., from the best composers in this country and in Europe, fill the pages of the Monthly, and at the end of the year a volume is formed, with title page and index complete, which would cost several times the price of the year's subscription if purchased in the regular way. Terms, $3 00 per annum in advance. Four copies one year, $10 00. The February, March, April, and May numbers will be sent free of postage to any address, on receipt of $1 00. We have but few copies of the January Double number remaining, and these will only be sent to new subscribers who send in the entire year's subscription of $3 00. Address, J. Starr Holloway, Publisher Musical Monthly, Box Post Office, Philadelphia.

New Sheet Music.—Sawyer and Thompson, Brooklyn, New York, have just published, I know my Mother weeps for Me, a very touching song and chorus, by Chas. F. Thompson; Oh sing once more that Song for Me; and Who would not go? a beautiful sacred song and chorus, by Chas. Carroll Sawyer, author of the famous melodies, When this Cruel War is over, Who will Care for Mother now, etc., each 25 cents. Also Musæola, quadrille introducing Sawyer's beautiful melodies, Who will Care for Mother now, When the Boys come Home, etc. Price 40 cents.

We can send the above, or any of the following, on receipt of price. Gov. Stone's March, a spirited and beautiful composition, with fine lithographic portrait, by Geo. E. Fawcette, 50 cents. Moment Musicale, a charming reverie, by Charles W. Ohm, 25. An Alpine Farewell, nocturne, by Riche, 25. Musings at Twilight, Fritz Spindler, 30. A Night on the Ocean, nocturne, 30. On the Rialto, by Oesten, 25. La Plainte Indienne, by Ascher, 15. Down by the Tide, song without words, 15. The Soldiers' Chorus, by Brinley Richards, from Gounod's Faust, 40. What Bells are Those? variations by Brinley Richards, 40.

Also, Home of my Youth, sweet song, by Glover; Forget Thee, beautiful ballad, by Balfe: O ye Tears, by Franz Abt; Mother, is the Battle over? Mother waiting for the News, The Soldier's Return, and Oh, I wish the War were over, four songs for the time; All Day Long, charming song by S. C. Foster. Price of each 25 cents. Address, as above, J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE last large ball at the Tuileries was much more brilliant than the preceding one, and was likewise more numerously attended. The file of carriages were so long that many of the guests who arrived at the Tuileries at half-past nine o'clock were not set down until eleven, and when they did enter, the dresses were so long and the crinolines so wide that no little management was required to enter the *salle des Marechaux*, where all the members of the Imperial family were seated.

The toilets were magnificent, but all were eclipsed by that worn by the Empress. Every one remarked that her Majesty had never appeared to greater advantage; the style of her dress was novel, and suited her admirably. The following is a description of the entire toilet.

Skirts of white tulle, with puffings and *capitonnées*, with small sprays of pink acacias. (We have before explained the meaning of *capitoné*, which is produced by the *bouillonnés* being fastened down at intervals with flowers so as to form squares or diamonds, in the same way that buttons are employed upon stuffed leather chairs, sofas, etc. etc.) Over this tulle dress, there descended a tunic made of sky-blue *grain royal*, edged with deep blonde, sewn on very full, and headed with sprays of pink acacias. This tunic was opened in front, showing the white tulle skirt, studded with flowers; underneath it was rounded off at the sides, terminating at the back, where it lengthened considerably with a sort of half point. At the back of the bodice there was a basque, very narrow at the top, and wide at the end, where it was rounded off in the form of a spoon; it was attached to the waist with two wide plaits. This basque was made of sky-blue *grain royal*, and was edged as the tunic, with blonde and acacias. The folds upon the bodice were very small, and were made of white tulle. They formed a heart in the centre, and were crossed by sprays of acacia. They were edged with blonde headed by a wide tress or plait of sky-blue ribbon.

The headdress was truly imperial; the hair formed two bandeaux which were slightly turned back from the temples, and two small curls *à la antique* fell on the forehead; the back hair was massed together and then fell in ringlets. A diamond coronet sparkled upon the Empress's forehead—this coronet was vandyked in the form of the Lombard crown. The imperial bandeau was placed flat upon the head, formed small combs at the sides, and with long diamond drops fell among the curls at the back. Diamonds fastened to a sky-blue velvet ribbon encircled the throat; the ribbon was tied at the back and fell with long ends upon the shoulders. This style of necklet is very becoming as well as fashionable, and is called *collier de chien*.

The Princess Clotilde and the Princess Mathilde both wore white, and were covered with diamonds; around the throat of the former youthful lady a splendid necklace was remarked; the drops nearly touched the top of the dress.

Mme. de Metternich, who is always remarkable for the extreme elegance of her toilet, wore upon this occasion a white moiré dress; the skirt was very long and was untrimmed, but over it there was a short rounded tunic of white satin, elaborately ornamented with blonde and ribbons. The Duchess de M———, who is a blonde, wore a maize crepe dress, an extraordinary selection when we take into consideration the complexion. The skirt was trimmed with undulating rows of maize satin ribbon; over this fell a tunic edged with white blonde and maize satin ribbon; the tunic was short in front and very long at the back, a style now adopted by all the ladies of the court.

The brilliant Marchioness de G———, was dressed with the simplicity of a school-girl, a white gauze dress ornamented with berries of the mountain ash, a plain bodice without folds, trimmed also with similar berries, likewise berries forming epaulettes.

Mlle. H——— was in white tulle *bouillonné*, each *bouillonné* separated by narrow crossway bands of sky-blue satin, the whole being studded with sky-blue satin bows; a long blue satin sash was tied at the back.

The generality of the young unmarried guests, and indeed many of the young married ones, wore those long sashes; many were cut from the piece and trimmed with blonde, whilst others were made simply with wide ribbon. The newest style of sash is made with white *gros grain* ribbon very wide, with colored satin stripes, and these are called *ceintures pekinées*. They are fastened at the back with three hanging loops, the centre one falling upon the two others. They form a good finish to many toilets.

Many *aigrettes* of spun glass in the centre of velvet *pouffs*, and fastened at the side of the head, were seen at this ball.

Mme. de F——— wore a tulip dress; it consisted of a white tulle skirt, with a lining of stiff net in the hem, and a tunic of poppy-red velvet, the brightest red which can be imagined; this was cut as the petals of a tulip, and was edged with white lace; the lower part of the bodice was of red velvet, the upper part in white tulle with folds. In the hair a *pouf* of red velvet with an aigrette of spun glass fastened with a diamond.

The feather trimmings appear likewise to be in great favor. There was a profusion of peacocks' feathers arranged as bouquets for looping up dresses, and also some exquisite white satin dresses trimmed with swansdown.

Many young girls wore white Chambery gauze dresses over white taffetas petticoats; these plain gauze dresses have a charming effect, especially cerise gauze over white silk.

The thaw has put a stop to the pleasures of skating—an exercise which has been pursued by many of our leaders; the favorite lake in the Bois was the Suresne, because the Empress selected it, and was frequently seen upon it. The last time her Majesty appeared as a skater, she wore a small round hat with feathers, a short violet skirt looped over a violet satin petticoat, and a velvet jacket trimmed with fur.

The fashion of colored stockings has certainly extended since the skating mania. Naturally the ankles are visible during this exercise, and white stockings have a miserable effect with a colored petticoat. Never, therefore, have colored stockings appeared to such advantage; plaid especially looked well. They are worn in silk, spun silk, and fine wool, and they are always selected to match the dress. The white silk stockings, which were abandoned last winter, are the only ones admitted during the present season for full evening dress.

Boots are also made fantastically; with the present style of looping up the dresses, both in fine and wet weather, the feet are seen very plainly. In fine days the dress is not drawn up so high as when the streets are muddy, but in all weathers the feet of pedestrians are, now-a-days, visible. Unless the precaution of drawing up the skirts was taken, considering their present length, even when made of the richest materials, they would not last more than a couple of days. The only alternatives are, therefore, highly ornamented petticoats, and dainty boots. For damp, rainy weather small buttoned kid boots, with tassels are worn; also French satin boots, likewise buttoned, and trimmed with Astrakan fur up the front and round the ankle. But for fine days in the Bois, black velvet boots, embroidered with white silk, are to be seen.

Such boots are carried half-way up the leg, where they are finished off with long silk tassels falling at the side; the heel of the boot is likewise covered with velvet. I see also a new style of boot much worn; it is called Leckinzka, and is made of black quilted satin, the heel being likewise covered with satin. This boot opens down the centre, where it is ornamented with silk or chenille fringe, and is laced.

For demi-toilet the petticoats are usually made of the same material as the dress. For poplin or cachemire dresses the petticoat is similar, and is trimmed with a band of black velvet, embroidered with flowers or the Greek design, or sometimes the band is made with plaid poplin, and, in this case, a narrow quilling to match is placed round the edge. As chenille seems to ornament most garments, it has at last found its way to petticoats. Three bands of black velvet, each separated by a row of narrow silk chenille fringe upon a violet cachemire petticoat produces a very pretty effect. White cachemire petticoats are still trimmed with either black guipure or yak lace, and long cloth petticoats are embroidered with black wool or braided with black braid.

Crinolines are very wide round the edge, and very narrow round the hips, and dresses are so cut that they require scarcely a plait when mounted to the waistband. It is frequently a matter of curiosity to know how the Empress contrives always to appear with such well-setting skirts, for her Majesty has *never* worn a cage, she only wears muslin petticoats which are gored to a point and trimmed with well-starched flounces; these are much deeper at the back than in the front. This is a costly contrivance, and is not suitable for those who take much walking exercise.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN having acquired a knowledge of Italian, addressed a few words to an organ-grinder in his purest accent, but was astonished at receiving the following response: "I no speak Inglis."

LADIES should never put pins in their mouths. Their lips should be roses without thorns.

From Captain Spekes' "Discovery of the Sources of the Nile:—"

"Fat Belles of Karague.—In the afternoon, as I had heard from Musa that the wives of the king and princes were fattened to such an extent that they could not stand upright, I paid my respects to Wazézéru, the king's eldest brother—who, having been born before his father ascended his throne, did not come in the line of succession—with the hope of being able to see for myself the truth of the story. There was no mistake about it. On entering the hut I found the old man and his chief wife sitting side by side on a bench of earth strewed over with grass, and partitioned like stalls for sleeping apartments, whilst in front of them were placed numerous wooden pots of milk, and, hanging from the poles that supported the beehive-shaped hut, a large collection of bows, six feet in length, whilst below them were tied an even larger collection of spears, intermixed with a goodly assortment of heavy-headed assagés. I was struck with no small surprise at the way he received me, as well as with the extraordinary dimensions, yet pleasing beauty of the immoderately fat fair one, his wife. She could not rise, and so large were her arms that, between the joints, the flesh hung down like large, loose-stuffed puddings. Then in came their children, all models of the Abyssinian type of beauty, and as polite in their manners as thorough-bred gentlemen. They had heard of my picture-books from the king, and all wished to see them; which they no sooner did, to their infinite delight, especially when they recognized any of the animals, than the subject was turned by my inquiring what they did with so many milk-pots. This was easily explained by Wazézéru himself, who, pointing to his wife, said: 'This is all the product of those pots; from early youth upwards we keep those pots to their mouths, as it is the fashion at court to have very fat wives.'"

A robber who was seized for stealing snuff out of a tobacconist's shop, by way of excusing himself, exclaimed that he was not aware of any law that forbade a man to take snuff.

Something New in the Crow Line.—From an English paper:—

"The Americans give the name of carrion crow to a species of small vulture which has multiplied with so much the more facility that the law of the United States protects it against all attacks, for purposes of salubrity. As a result, in many cities, the carrion crows are distinguished for a familiarity, we might almost say effrontery, which immensely surpasses that of our boldest sparrows. In the United States, no trouble is taken to bury the cattle that die of disease. Twenty-four hours are sufficient for the carrion crows to devour a prey of this kind.

To tip one fashion over to another is undoubtedly the tip of fashion.

A thick warm dress in winter is a portable wood-economizing stove.

Sin has a great many tools; but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN.

While many a child in heathen lands
Of Jesus never heard,
In our own country we are taught
To know and fear the Lord.

While there the little children bow
To gods of stone and wood,
The Bible here to us reveals
The true and only God.

How glad and grateful should we be
That we are taught so plain;
And oh, how deeply should we fear
Lest we be taught in vain!

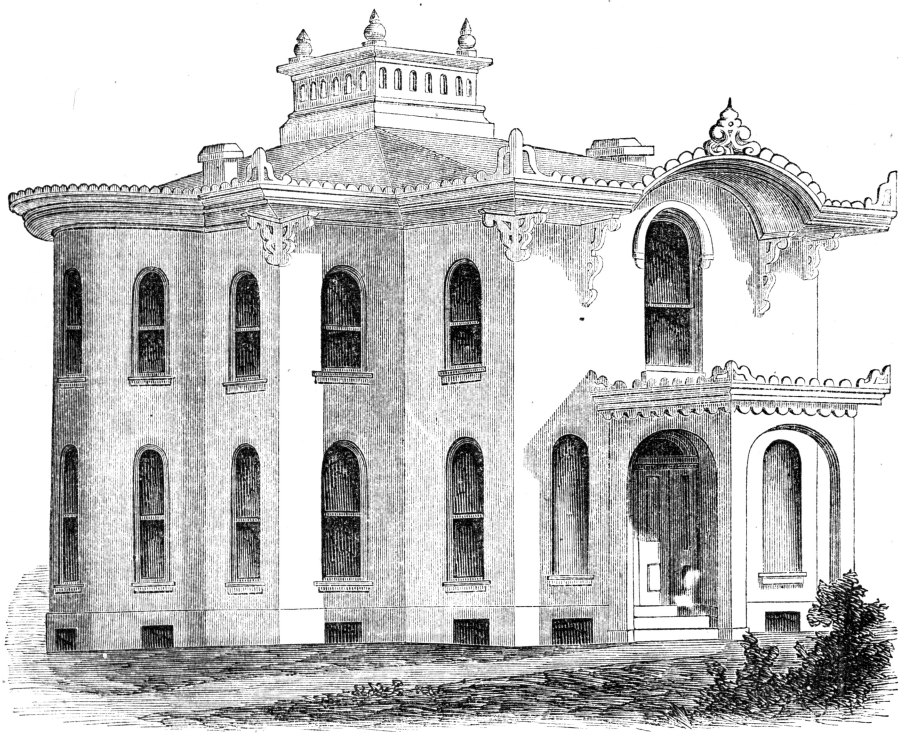
The light and knowledge we possess,
To us so freely given,
Will but increase our sin and shame
Unless it leads to heaven.

Lord, may we love the truth we learn,
The Saviour's laws obey;
And, as we 're taught in wisdom's school,
Be found in wisdom's way.

A Mother's Affection.—A writer beautifully remarks that a man's mother is the representative of his Maker. Misfortune and mere crime set no barriers between her and her son. While his mother lives, a man has one friend on earth who will not desert him when he is needy. Her affection flows from a pure fountain, and ceases only at the ocean of eternity.

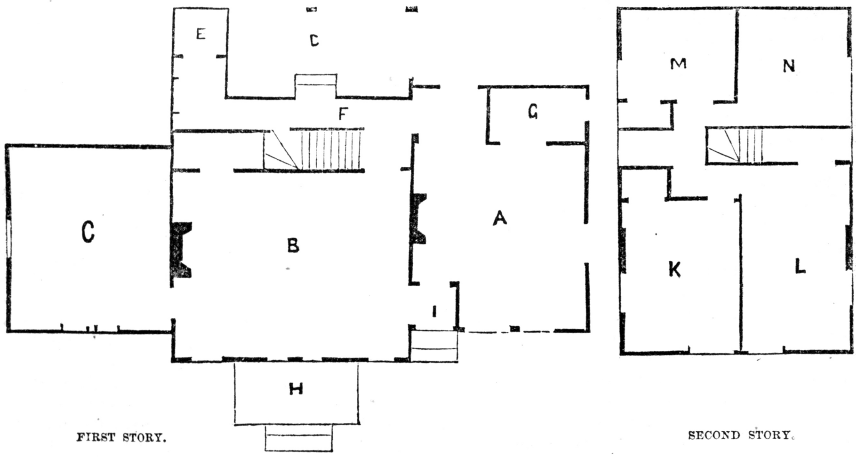
RURAL OR SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS, *Architect, Philadelphia.*



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

THE above design is in the Grecian style of architecture, and will make a very comfortable and pretty residence. The building is drawn for frame, and by adapting it to stone it would have to be made larger. It contains on the first floor a suite of three rooms, water-closet, shed, and pantry. The second story contains four bedrooms. It is of a style of architecture that needs to be carefully proportioned to obtain much beauty. It has breadth in its



FIRST STORY. SECOND STORY.

proportions, and the form and size of its details will either make it beautiful or hideous. The sizes of rooms are as follows:—

A kitchen, 15 by 16 feet; B living room, 20 by 16; C bedroom, 15 by 15; D is a wood shed, 8 by 16; E water-closet, 4 by 4; F a passage to cellar and wood shed; H porch in front, 5 by 10. Second story: K bedroom, 9 by 14; L do. 9 by 16; M do. 8 by 9; N do. 9 by 11.

Tracings of the building, drawn large, with sufficient information to build the same, can be obtained by inclosing $15 to Isaac H. Hobbs, Architect, Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

R. M. R.—Sent sleeve protectors February 22d.

Miss J. M. C.—Sent work-bag pattern 22d.

Mrs. C. A. N.—Sent India-rubber gloves 22d.

Mrs. G. C.—Sent slipper pattern 22d.

Mrs. S. S. E.—Sent dress shields 22d.

Mrs. G. C. E.—Sent dress goods by express 24th.

Mrs. J. E. B.—Sent wool 24th.

Miss M. M.—Sent trimmings by Adams's express 24th.

C. M. F.—Sent articles 25th.

Lieut. H. A. B.—Sent hair chain 29th.

Mrs. W. W. W.—Sent articles 29th.

Mrs. T. W. W.—Sent pattern March 2d.

Mrs. W. C.—Sent box by express 3d.

Miss M. J. S.—Sent plain gold ring 4th.

Miss F. A. W.—Sent pattern 4th.

Miss S. E. V. F.—Sent pattern 4th.

Miss L. B.—Sent pattern 8th.

E. N. L.—Sent box of articles by express 9th.

Mrs. V. C. B.—Sent hair-work 12th.

Mrs. B. B. C.—Sent infant's dress 12th.

C. D. C.—Sent dress elevator 12th.

Mrs. C. F. H.—Sent pattern 12th.

Miss L. P.—Sent pattern 12th.

Miss J. S. T.—Sent collars 12th.

Mrs. H. H.—Sent infant's dress 12th.

Mrs. B. L. M.—Sent pattern 15th.

Mrs. E. C. C.—Sent darning needles 15th.

Mrs. J. de P.—Sent pattern 15th.

R. McC.—Sent needles 15th.

Mrs. A. J. B.—Sent pattern 15th.

Miss M. A. R.—Sent ring by express 15th.

L. W.—Sent pattern 16th.

Mrs. J. W. L.—Sent articles by express 17th.

H. G. K.—Sent articles by express 18th.

Mrs. W. P. T.—Sent gloves 19th.

Mrs. L. A. S.—Sent pattern 19th.

Mrs. J. B.—Sent pattern 19th.

Mrs. G. E. M.—Sent pattern 19th.

E. M. D.—We published these articles long since. It will not do for us to repeat them.

Subscriber.—We can furnish a pattern of the Cordovan cloak; price $1. India-rubber gloves, $1 50 per pair.

April.—We do not pay for patterns of embroidery, as we receive more from our foreign magazines, and from Cameron's establishment, in one month than we can use in three.

L. N.—Much obliged for the receipt.

Mrs. J. F. W.—Why take up the room to insert two old patterns for the accommodation of one person when the same room can be occupied with two patterns that will be new to our 160,000 subscribers. Why do you wish them reinserted, when you know where they are? We can send you the two numbers for 50 cents.

G. L. B.—"Please reply in your April number." Why, the April number was in California when your note was received. When will our subscribers find out that our immense edition requires us to go to press two months previous to date. Address J. E. Tilton & Co., 161 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. Cannot answer the other question.

An Old Subscriber.—Answer about wedding-rings in March number. The Postillion girdle can be worn by married ladies. Ready made, it costs $7; materials, $5; pattern, alone, 50 cents.

Henri—will see that her design is in this number. We thank her.

J. P.—Thank you for the receipts. Those you ask for we published long since, but cannot refer to the number.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; dry goods of any kind from Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., New York; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggens & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR MAY.

Fig. 1.—Dinner-dress of a light green silk, trimmed with pointed pieces of black velvet, edged with narrow black lace. On the points of the velvet are black chenille tassels. The corsage is in the jacket form, very much cut away in front to show the double-breasted white silk vest, buttoned with very small gilt buttons. The jacket is made quite deep at the back, and is trimmed with black velvet and chenille tassels. The cap is of lace, with drooping crown and Marie Stuart front, trimmed with scarlet flowers and ribbons.

Fig. 2.—Walking-dress of a rich purple silk, trimmed with a deep flounce of black guipure lace. The mantle is of the shawl shape, of the same silk as the dress, and matching it in trimming. The bonnet is of black and white *crin*, or horsehair, bound with black velvet, and trimmed with a natural feather. The inside trimming is of scarlet geraniums, and the strings are of black ribbon.

Fig. 3.—Visiting-dress of gray silk. The skirt is richly embossed with black velvet, in the pyramidal style on each breadth. The mantle matches the dress, is very small, and of the scarf shape. It is also embossed with velvet, and edged with a flounce of deep thread lace. Leghorn bonnet, with violet silk cape, and trimmed with violet-colored flowers.

Fig. 4.—Rich dinner-dress of a gray plaid silk, trimmed on the edge of the skirt with a very deep chenille fringe

of various colors to match the plaid of the dress. The sash is finished with a chenille fringe, with a deep heading. The corsage is plain. The lower edge of the sleeve is trimmed with three rows of narrow chenille fringe, and the upper part is trimmed with a chenille epaulette. The cap is of rich lace, trimmed with loops of ribbon matching the dress in colors.

Fig. 5.—Evening-dress for second mourning. Lavender-colored silk dress, with three *crêpe* puffs on the edge of the skirt. The over-skirt is a network of fine black chenille, finished with a very rich chenille fringe, which just reaches the *crêpe* puffings on the skirt. The corsage is low, and pointed both back and front. The fichu is formed of white and black lace and lavender ribbons. The coiffure is of black velvet and lavender daisies.

Fig. 6.—Child's walking-dress, consisting of a skirt of white alpaca, braided and ornamented with a wide gold-colored braid. A Zouave jacket, trimmed with braid, is worn over a muslin Garibaldi shirt. A deep talma cape is trimmed to match the skirt of the dress. White straw hat, trimmed with a white plume and gold-colored velvet.

SHIELD-SHAPED HANGING PINCUSHION.

(See Plate printed in Colors, in front.)

This is a very pretty variety to the usual square and round pincushion, and it will be found very useful as well as ornamental, as it can be suspended close at hand wherever a lady may happen to be sitting with her work. It is also equally suitable for boudoir service, as it is a very pretty article when hung from bead chains. As it is quite a little novelty, it would be found appropriate for a contribution to any charitable bazaar. The materials of which it is composed are colored velvet and beads; these are the two sorts of white opaque and transparent, and a few gold to terminate the sprays. Steel may be substituted if preferred. The flowers are in the transparent beads, with gold centres, the leaves being in the opaque white; the small sprays are also in the clear white, the end of each being finished with three opaque white beads, a little larger than the others. The cushion is made with a mattrass edge, on which is worked a border to correspond. The lower part is finished with a fringe of beads, made gradually deeper towards the centre of the cushion, and formed of the two different sorts of beads. The chains are also made of the two sorts. The bow at the top of the chains may be made either as a rosette—that is, by threading the beads on fine wire, and arranging them as a flower—or they may be rich tassels of beads, whichever is preferred. If these are found to take too much time, a bow of ribbon the same color as the velvet, with a few loops of gold beads in the centres, will look very pretty. We recommend this cushion for its ornamental appearance.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR MAY.

It is said that, as regards invention, one milliner does more in a month than the world of architects in a score of years. We were forcibly reminded of this while walking, lately, through the show rooms of Mme. N. Tilman, of 148 East Ninth Street, New York. At this establishment we are constantly surprised with novelties; nothing pretty or new appears in Europe in the millinery line, but is to be found at the *Maison* Tilman.

An entire novelty consists of straw guipure, equal in appearance to the finest lace. Straw ribbons are also something quite new, and just introduced on the new spring bonnets. Mother of pearl, of which we have already spoken as being worn on coiffures and ball dresses, is now adopted for bonnets, and, in contrast with trimmings of rich velvet, produces an admirable effect.

We are able now to speak with certainty of the spring style of bonnets, as announced by the most distinguished artistes.

Scotch plaid, in silk and velvet, is very much in vogue; but we notice that Mme. Tilman uses it sparingly, and only in the finest and choicest patterns and combinations. The following will serve as examples:—

A rich wrought Neapolitan, the braids an inch apart, and each displaying a fine cord-like edge of blue, green, and crimson plaid. The curtain was composed of a shell of plaid silk upon blonde, also in a shell pattern. A puff of ribbon and meadow grass, tipped with dew, constituted the decoration, which was placed high on one side of the brim.

Trimming of all kinds is used very moderately, but it must be of the very best, whether in flowers, lace, or ribbon. It is no longer massed on the top of the brim, but is arranged on the top or side of the crown, or across the side of the brim from its tip to the crown. The shape is perfect, neither too large nor too small, but serving as a modest frame for a fair face. It is still rather high in front, very much compressed at the sides, and slopes low behind to the base of the crown, which is wider than formerly, in order to allow for the present style of coiffure.

A charming novelty imported by Mme. Tilman consists of fine white and black Neapolitans embroidered in flowers and trailing branches in fine jet. The design is so delicate and graceful, the workmanship so exquisite, that there is nothing of the ordinary appearance which is frequently objected to in embroidered bonnets. On the contrary, in black upon white, and black upon black, we have rarely seen anything so elegantly effective. Very little trimming, in addition to the cape of velvet or lace, and the decorations of the interior, is required for these bonnets.

Fringes of crystal and jet now replace the feather fringes, and are arranged to fall over the front of the bonnet and shade the interior.

Round hats will be more in vogue than ever, for the reason that they are, if possible, prettier than ever before. The brims are very narrow, the crowns high and sloping. They are very elegantly trimmed with plaid velvet and pearl aigrettes, also with branches of coral, trailing ivy, tufts of hay, the Scotch thistle, heather, and grass. Another ornament which Dame Fashion has introduced is spun glass; this is used on both round hats and bonnets. Imagine a child's hat with a large mother of pearl aigrette in front, and from this springs a bunch of those silken-like threads which most of our readers have seen in the glass peacocks' tails. This fashion is very much censured by some, and said to have been invented by the Goddess of Folly and Ignorance. The objection to it is this: The little filaments of glass are so delicate that the wind or the slightest touch will break them, and should a minute particle lodge in the eye, great suffering would ensue from it. We would not recommend the arrangement of these radiant and glossy little ornaments as an inside trimming to a bonnet, nor would we have them to droop over the brim, but we think they may be arranged on the outside with good effect and without danger.

Natural grasses are very much used this spring. They are preserved so that the color is retained, and form charming additions to the brilliant Scotch flowers.

Children's hats are generally trimmed with plaid velvets, the green and blue being the favorite, and in front is

either a tuft of feathers suiting the velvet in colors, or a brilliant wing.

The demand for novelty is great, and, thanks to inventive genius, the supply keeps pace with it.

The latest novelty in the way of *lingerie* is the fable handkerchief. This style of mouchoir has in one corner an elegantly embroidered design, illustrating some fable; for instance, "The fox and grapes," "The fox and the crow," and various others. Another quite new style of handkerchief has a border of colored lozenges, and in each is a French motto.

Lace bows are now very much worn to match the collars; for instance, a point lace collar should have a point lace bow, or a Honiton collar a Honiton bow. These bows are only narrow barbes, and are also very pretty to arrange in the hair.

Gloves are worn with quite deep gauntlets, those for evening wear being buttoned with four or five buttons. The most elegant we have seen, besides being beautifully stitched on the hand with a contrasting color, had a fluted gauntlet of kid, scalloped and elegantly stitched. These, though very suitable for the street, were particularly pretty for evening wear.

Colored embroidery is now very much used for underclothing. Not only do we see chemises and night-dresses embroidered in colors, but flannel skirts are now highly ornamented with colored silks or wools.

Nothing can be prettier than the dress goods of this season. The grounds are generally of the lightest possible tints, with figures of a darker shade, or a sombre color, forming a good contrast, or else black, the latter being very fashionable. We will describe a few as illustrations of the present style of goods.

Imagine a cuir-colored ground, approaching a corn-color, covered with designs representing bows of black ribbon. The contrast was good, and the effect lovely. On a sea-green ground were angular figures of a chocolate brown, round which were twined wreaths of tiny black flowers.

Few high colors are to be seen in the finest figured organdies and percales. Plaids have also appeared in cotton goods. A very beautiful percale or cambric was cross-barred with threads of black, and down each breadth was a wide stripe in the most brilliant Tartan colors.

Foulards are in great profusion this season and exceedingly pretty, but are, however, of the same style as the cotton goods—small flowers, dots, or figures of a darker shade on light grounds. Formerly, most of the foulards were of black or dark grounds, with brilliant flowers or figures.

A new material for travelling or for morning promenade is *crêpe* poplin. It is exceedingly pretty and *crêpy* in appearance, and can be had both figured and plain. The latter we consider decidedly the prettiest.

A very pretty grenadine-like material has come out in white grounds, crossbarred with brilliant colors in satin. This is one of the prettiest styles of thin goods for Misses.

The silks are plain grounds, with dashed and *chinée* figures, or else plaids of the same color, or bright plaids very much relieved by white. Another style is a plain ground with a rich Tartan stripe. Very large checks are also fashionable. The *moires* are also plaided with exquisite effect. Others have the figures embroidered in white silk, which produces a silver like appearance.

Shetland shawls have appeared with brilliant Tartan borders, and for summer we know of no prettier or softer wrap.

Some of our readers may possibly not be able to distinguish the different plaids, and for their benefit we will describe a few of the most fashionable. The Stuart is composed of red, green, and a little yellow; the Campbell of blue, green, and yellow; Rob Roy, of red and black; and the Douglas plaid of violet, green, yellow, and blue. Besides these, there is an infinite variety of brilliant fancy plaids, which are quite as much admired as the clans.

Mme. Demorest has just brought out a great variety of new sleeve patterns, suitable for silk and thin goods. They are all made in the coat style, though larger at the wrist than last season's sleeves. Several very pretty new points and bodices have appeared among Mme. Demorest's new patterns which we think will be very acceptable to young ladies, to wear with their white waists in the coming warm season.

There is nothing particularly novel in the make of dresses. The wheel of Fashion is constantly revolving, and old friends are again introduced. The latest instance of this is the revival of basques, which seem to be very well received by our most distinguished modistes. Most of them are made quite deep at the back, shallow at the sides, and pointed in front. Evening dresses are all made low in the neck, and very long, forming a graceful drapery when well managed, but if not, proving a snare and torment both to the wearer and her neighbors.

Jackets of every description are worn. Among the new ones are the Cora, American, and the Spahi. Another one, which we particularly admire, has long pointed ends all round the waist, each point being finished with a tassel. The collar and sleeves are also pointed and trimmed with tassels.

The skirts of dresses are now plaited. The object now to be obtained is to have the figure as slim as possible just below the waist, and of very great expansion round the edge of the skirt. To obtain this fashionable end, it is necessary to gore the skirts; not only the dress skirts, but the underskirts also.

In plaiting the skirts, one large single plait should be placed directly in the front, and a large double box plait in the centre of the back. The wide box plait in front causes the skirt to hang more gracefully than when the single plaits meet.

The tendency seems now towards the masculine style of dress. We see it in the round hats, canes, standing collars, wristbands, boots, jackets, vests, and paletots.

Young ladies are wearing, as street wraps, peculiar little affairs made of silk or cloth. They are a tight fitting body, with a short basque in front, which very gradually slopes to quite a long tail at the back.

Brodie's assortment of silk wraps is as excellent as usual. Paletots made somewhat in the Louis 14th style are among the favorites, though there are very many other styles equally beautiful. Most of them fit tightly to the figure, while others are cut to the figure without fitting it closely.

Chenille fringes and gimps with lace are the principal ornaments.

Misses are wearing very short loose sacks made of cloth or silk, or else of the same material as the dress. The jacket of the morning dress, Fig. 3, double fashion-plate December Number, will give our readers the idea of the wrap, as it is made precisely like it. It can be copied exactly as to length, the only addition we would suggest would be pockets on either side.

Fluted trimmings are still worn, though deeper than formerly. The newest style is to have one very deep fluted flounce on the edge of the skirt, and as the skirts are made very long, this trimming has been very appropriately termed by some *un balai*—a broom. FASHION.